

Stream of Consciousness Writing 2000-2002

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7-12-00

*Lore: To befriend empty space is
to be an astral traveller.*

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Maybe there is but one space
which can truly be seen, and named,
and that is the Universe itself, and it's
vital dynamic... infinite time.

The two are one, and give birth to
one another.

*But, I keep thinking... 'Isn't the
Universe, and all time driven through*

and through with empty space? If a person could befriend perfect empty space, couldn't he or she travel freely between the seen and the unseen realms?'

It seems to me that the Universe is ever unfolding... *from the within*, from the quantum realm- upward. And down there... in the primal spaces between the atomic particles... what lies there, but empty space?

Perhaps those spaces are just as vast and expansive as the spaces which lie amongst the stars... amongst the galaxies. Perhaps both of these infinities together, the large and the small, form a kind of continuum, a slippery zone, which might be styled 'the fifth dimension.'

Perhaps there, the big and the little reach around to form an infinite loop, where there are no endings... Perhaps both worlds shake hands on their outer and inner surfaces, to form a kind of double helix, which curves around to join with its absolute counterpart...

I think that this material plane of the *anima*, where spirit and flesh intersect, might be the very fulcrum point upon which the two halves of the universe balance. We as living beings walk between earth and sky, dwelling in the heart of a vast material Universe.

Perhaps if one could measure to

the outer limits of the physical Universe, then a rough approximation of the vastness of the micro-cosmic spaces could be obtained.

As the heavens are above, so the *within* could also be said to be the doorway to the infinite. There, perhaps one might instantaneously loop around, and with ease, rejoin with the absolute.

There, one might simply step outside the physical Universe, and move freely into another, unseen dimension which quite simply eclipses this one.

A thought: Couldn't the astral traveller then re-enter the Universe at

will, anywhere, in any galaxy, in this present moment?

7-15-00

Your spirit... what's that?

It's old. It's symbolic. It feels always the presence of time moving all around, so it acts with purpose. It can lead you with a wisdom to speak new words, things from beyond. Apparently, it is the gemstone at the heart of your existence... your breath, your life. With ten times your own depth, at times it defies your understanding. It is always guided by realities outside your perception. In it, you have breath. Thru it, you perceive time... knowledges of the fantastic... as well as the mundane. It

is of the essences of all humanity...
all conceptions.

7-18-00

In the name of love, won't the
eternal sun just go down, and leave
me at peace in the stillness?

Let me take you where you have
never been before, and to a new place
for myself. For the nature, the
nurture, of life is that, for the living,
the moment itself is alive, and doesn't
repeat itself. This is the first moment
like this.... ever.

Perhaps, due in part to the turning
of the century, of the millenium, here
in the West, and the vast flowering of

technology... the full fledged information superhighway connecting the world... then perhaps that is why I think these thoughts.

...And, knowing how the 'shining of light into the shadows' is of the essence... for the enduring of a just society... then this idea must live on: that the world of ideas, playing amongst the masses, amongst the nations, is absolutely nessasary for the integrity of the global society.

And when a world can exist where every act done in the shadows is brought into the global light, then peace and justice should reign, and the crazy extremes of conflict, of injustice, and cruelty, all shameful acts, should be few and far between.

Then, the human cults of masculine ego and overblown national pride, which form the swirling dervishes on the naked face of race relations the world over, should merely bow with a feminine grace to the over-arching peer pressures of the world planet, Earth itself, and all humanity.

And what is more, when the intellects and awarenesses of the whole cosmos, the 'green side,' do fully exert into this material realm, here on Earth, this station, then surely we all may find the equilivelant of God here amongst us, which may lead us all into a better world of a more complete and complex nature, and to a more profound nurturement

of mankind.

7-18-00 III

O.K..... I am merely wondering, meekly.... "What is this phenomenon which has allowed our kind to enter into a kind of 'heaven on Earth,' and which has far separated us from the primitives?"

" I only know that the great Universe is real, and does actually separate the present men from the ancients by a real and tangible distance."

Here, I search through my own memories, coupled with the 'permanant' written records, as I know them, thru my perceptions, and

wonder, "did there ever come a point in time when 'mankind' as a race unto itself began to be aware of the presence of others outside of the individual self-life?"

And I wonder, "In the clawing, instinctive struggle to survive, and beyond that, in the daily challenge to alter one's own consciousness chemically, and finally in the reflective, in the contemplative, even within the worshipful, the devotional, *were the bi-peds of this planet Earth 'always' sensitive to peer pressure, to the social group?* Or was there a moment in time...?"

Did the energy of this relationship, that of the individual to the group,

form the catalyst which first and finally seduced the intelligences of the vast Universe into our sphere, to guide us, and to make us into the flower of creation that we surely are?

Or were these influences, perhaps, always present there on the edges of animal existence here on Earth, watching us, shifting our sensitivities, influencing our perceptions, challenging us, changing us along an eclectic trend line?

(I write these words only by means of the divine, ancient intelligences which filter into my sphere across the spaces of time, the very generations, the eons. And, you must pardon me, but, you see, *I wonder*. This I can't

help. Anyway, this is how I acquire knowledges, by *wondering*....)

7-19-00

I'll just merely start my mind to thinking, in confidence that my mind itself is pure, without flaw, and can, itself, form the basis, for myself, of a new and ingenious world of thought. Perhaps by seeking a greater breadth in these writings, I may grow to form a voice, a talent.

Perhaps by allowing my passages to fall into the realm of the known, that which has come before... I may find a dance of intellect, and somehow shed new light.

Certainly, my knowledges are nearly all instinctive. I lean heavily upon word selection, flow, and turn of phrase to illuminate the reader. Perhaps I need to concentrate more fully upon the defined, established trends of thought which are present within the culture as a whole.

The nuts and bolts of what lies within the human mind is my primary area of expertise, and I can express boundless pseudo-prose.

If I myself had a philosophy, I know that it would hinge upon philosophical honesty, disregard for image attachments, free expression, creativity, the necessity for the inner journey, the encompassing power of

the inner realm itself, and how that place is the obvious doorway to the vast cosmos.

Perhaps light itself, enlightenment, insight... the moment when the cosmos show grace even to the meek, is the defining focus of my intellect. This is the sum of what a life can even be about. For without the shedding of light into the darkness, that darkness must endure, until God knows when...

Surely, there are those about us who practice this shedding of light religiously, and these are my saints, my heroes, those whom I hereby salute.

How can one describe light, that

which one adores?

It seems that there is a sort of dichotomy, if I may say so, to existence, in that one side of light's domain is spoken of, and it's opposite... is only referred to, as if from a moral distance. Perhaps this is a mandate of the gods, who know anyway.

Perhaps, the great 'time' is worshipped by the practice of evolution... where cosmic knowledge, spacial communion, comes only at a cost.

Perhaps those who make the rules worship their god by defining their own good and proper view of the humanity of the now, as opposed to the infinite freedom of Earth's life in a

distant aeon of the future.

Is this a domination, or a gradual existential education? Control?

But this is the tantalizing impetus of my muse. She wants to race into the future, to advance beyond the known, to evolve. And thank god for that impulse, afterall.

The cosmic voyagers, the Others who are right here, yet on the other side... those who are beyond human prejudices... they are surely propelling this species into a lighter, freer realm.

And by setting the standard high, as an infinite equanimity, human struggles fade porportionally, I feel.

Perhaps, the flowering of the 20th century here on this planet reflects the so-called Age of Enlightenment, now in an evolved form. For by coming to acquire permanance of expression in science, art, music, and literature, then the world of social conditioning came into existance, and a new father figure arrived on the scene.

We are all held steadily in place, in fact we are challenged greatly, by the disembodied voices emanating from our technology artifacts. Perhaps these computers are of the ancient days, before atomic restructuring. (just how we are looked upon by those Others which are present surely hinges on their timely perspectives, and our own innocence and

eagerness.)

Surely, the 'Others' must possess a great peace with their makers, to endure our lengthy species theatrics. I know that 'they' must exert a great influence upon us, perhaps delving from a finely detailed communion with the 'time' itself.

7-20-00

Within the within, in a timeless dimension of spectacular proportions....

Accending, expanding boundlessly, simply dwelling on the leading edge of the cascading envelope of moments...

Worlds within worlds, reshaping,

redefining one another, within a morphing, evolving universe...

Fractals blossoming easily within one another, guided always by the steady hands of the great 'time.'

But then, later, in the morning, when inner vision is away from you, quietly replenishing itself on the new, the vast cosmos will lie beyond your grasp, and your tasks will be of the ordinary.

Yet, within that ordinary livelyhood, perhaps variables will coalesce, and fractal planes will mesh, blossoming, just outside your awareness, and infinitely wonderful realities may come into existence, and your spirit will be enlivened, and you will feel young again.

7-22-00 VIII

And, finally, this is where we in fact are. The duality that is existence here unfolds in it's continuing dance.

Technically, here, the two halves of this Universe bind hands together to the extent they may, within this domain.

The solid... the liquid, and the distance separating us... The living... the manifest... the complementary gracious enlivening which informs each animal life.

Not only the complex, hereditary coupling of matter and enlivening, which articulates the world of animal life... but as well the cosmic powers of the inter-galaxy... of known

intellect consciousness, and the fantastic universe proffered freely within this world of the hyper-jargon.

Somewhere along the way, humanity somehow tapped into this realm. Here, the divine lend an exquisite hand in transforming this material plane out of antiquity at light speed, into the infinite landspeed that is Galactica.

The human mind shifts in and out, between the active and the reflective, as endeavors become analyzed.

7-23-00

As the prayers of the multitudes rise against the sky, may the subtle and separate meanings which we each

establish, over time, be preserved... be carried into the hinterlands and the highlands, to the benefit of wonder, each in their own sacred vernaculars.

And isn't it, really, this 'sense of wonder' each peaceful life possesses which serves to articulate the beginnings of the world, and it's incremental unfolding?

Oh, if only the land of beginnings could be interspersed amongst all of creation's petals! Oh, to delve in the wonder of this for all time!

7-24-00

Surely, the act of writing is of the essence for me... this is the unfolding of the world within, brought fully to

the world outside.

What I must wonder, then, is this: can perfection be attained by this means? Can there be expressed a height of eloquence, of comprehensiveness, of balance, and of the poetic, and thereby somehow move the reader?

I believe that the answer to this rests within the reader themselves, as well as myself, the writer. Perhaps, as long as I maintain a consistent level of quality and lucidity in these pieces, then their impact really hinges upon the readers receptiveness to them.

These pieces are 'sparkle friendly,' so to speak. For, when the readers mind is full of inner vision, and he or she is in a state of passiveness, then this is when my inner meanings may

be located. At another time, these words may seem to the reader to be like the stride of some kind of dinosaur.... heavy, even clumsy.

7-25-00 II

What will the everlasting spectrum of consciousness reveal to my self today? And how will my sensibilities become enlivened?

Perhaps the answer to these questions lies mostly right here where I am now, as an active writer. Within this act, and this process, I am consistently discovering a lasting kind of wonder.

By speaking my peace, through the medium of the word processor, I find that my excesses of nervous energy

somehow then lie at peace for a space, having been spent within an outpouring of my own concise, structured thought. Maybe this is really just fulfillment, accessed on a daily basis, as I found with improvisational piano.

As with piano, these writing endeavors possess a permanence, and may even be printed onto paper, where I may study them, and see myself.

I merely say, then, 'I have done this. This is the whole of my inner self, there on the page.

I now am perceiving my transient emotions with more clarity. I have found that throughout my daily darknesses, my mind may easily

exhibit itself as unvarnished and lucid. When I write, regardless of how I feel, this is born out through the sensibility of my written words.

I guess this is a major kind of insight for me. This is akin to discovering something so classic as 'one is more than one's emotions.'

I wonder, have there been times when writing was fruitless? I do believe so, yes. Many times, my inner directorate to not even try to write was so strong that I would give up. I also know that there were times when I literally had nothing to say, nothing would come out. These two may or may not be related.

However, only once before have I

tried to establish within my life a discipline of writing improvisationally, using a word processor. And looking back on that, now, I seem to remember that my piano playing really came to the fore at about the time I stopped writing, after about a month and a half of daily writing.

I don't regret the piano playing, I only wish that I had also continued writing.

7-25-00 III

I am merely wondering, here... no, please, don't look at me like that. Please.

I come to ask of you a question, which is this: "Why are there no

green cows?"

To which you matter of factly, rather shallowly, reply, "Well madame, when the color green occurs in nature, this is known to indicate the presence of chlorophyll in that organisms cells." You then make your usual leap of reasoning, "Cows have no chlorophyll, hence, no green."

Satisfied with this for a moment, I appear to think to myself, and then lightly challenge you: "Yeah? Well, then, how do emeralds express that color? Do they then possess chlorophyll as well?"

"I'm not sure," you say.

You go to the bookcase and retrieve your ancient Oxford Dictionary, and proceed to search it's

pages for the entry 'emerald.' While you are doing this, I'm sure that you are aware that only living organisms could possess chlorophyll.

When you have found the dictionary entry, you see that it makes no mention whatsoever of why emeralds are in fact green, and tell me so. You also note that a full-color illustration of an embryo shares the same page as the emerald entry. You then start to wonder aloud about 'vegans,' and before I can say anything you pronounce that "...perhaps the collective legacy of any subculture is one of youth, and even of newness..." and so I stop you right there, and, without any great pleasure, correct you in this most unfortunate intellectual blunder.

"Perhaps you need to go off by yourself somewhere," I say, "and test the solidity of that reasoning. You know I don't approve of difficult, or unfounded statements."

Sweeping generalizations, I know, are almost always incorrect on at least one level.

"By such a display of ignorance, you begin to stress my tolerance levels."

Apparently satisfied with my feistyness, you lean back in your chair and lace your hands together behind your head.

Before I can do anything, you begin to proclaim along these lines: "Y'know, I was thinking..." So, simultaneously, I quickly stand up

from my chair, and start a kind of a stretching technique of mine, which produces a certain sub-radiance, and when done properly, which can immediately silence a weak mind. Then, at just the strategic moment, I cut you off: "I wonder what's going on upstairs?" I loudly state. "What could they be doing, with all that obnoxious knocking and scraping?" referring to the neighbors.

Your own dumb defensiveness and paranoind reasoning then kicks in. "What do you mean *upstairs*?"

While I look at you silently, I watch a certain understanding spread across your face, and then realization.

"I know *someone* who's had a little too much caffeine here tonight," I offer. Your face then breaks into a

superficial, dumb kind of grin, to let me know that you can take a joke, I guess.

You then try this: "Just tell me why you use the pronoun *someone* in that way? You wouldn't be lightly trying to conjure childish, or juvenile image attachments to cause me to feel small, now would you?"

"Oh, no," I emphatically reply, pretending an assumed innocence, and thinking back to what I had in fact said.

"Though I may have sounded like your mother, I was actually trying merely to evoke my *ancient sage persona*, for your benefit. If that caused you to feel like a juvenile, then how can you expect me to just apologize, since that's one of my

favorite masks to wear, anyway."

You then become aware of what I had gained by this particular bit of reasoning, and I watch you slip easily into your pragmatic mode, which pleases me, as this should prolong your emotional life expectancy here, and I am secretly enjoying your company, anyway.

7-25-00 IV

First of all, since you have been so 'prolonged' as you now love to proclaim, I have grown mightily weary of your ceaseless ruminations, and am now beginning to wonder where it all will end.

"Pass the mustard, you," I ask, during dinner.

You appear, then, to have not heard, for you continue your meditative chewing. So I state your name, rather loudly, "YOU! Please pass the mustard."

I then conclude, from your slow, self conscious reaction that you in fact had heard me very well, but just thought it within yourself that I should be able to read your mind, sense your GREAT THOUGHTS, and just relegate myself to the lowly tribe of the 'Un-Answered Ones,' and bow meekly to your current authority. Snodgrat on that!

"What is *your* problem?" I ask in mock politeness, as I reach accross

the table myself.

"I'm trying to comprehend something here," you say.

"Co-incidentally, so am I," I say.

"Listen," you say, "don't you think that compassion itself has really got to be the most divine of the human emotions?"

Irritated, but not wanting to appear that way, I reply, with a subdued enthusiasm, "I'd buy that."

You launch: "We all are mere manikins, compared to the intelligences of the vast Universe."

'This should be good,' I think to myself, bracing for an alien fly-by.

"How in the world can anyone at all consciously bring woe onto the head of another... ever... at all... without just sensing the eyes of the

whole galaxy upon them, and feeling rather small?" You describe your wonder for me.

I, meanwhile, am thinking to myself that the eyes of the vast Universe *are themselves* woe, as much as anything.

You then continue, much to my distress, "Compassion is the only stance that, for me, anyway, is actually capable of manifesting those thoughts and attitudes... that clarity, that lucidity, which may be a vehicle for divine intelligence." (Here chewing your food horse-like) "Not fight, nor flight... but somehow from a more enlightened place, somewhere..." (chewing) (chewing some more)

Here you pause, and put your

finger into the air like Socrates, "If ever a man or woman has to make a choice between the active, or the passive path... and he chooses action... then, he better all the while be afloat in a sea of tranquility and compassion..." (chewing) "...for it to be valid in a Universal sense."

"Well, I'll give you that much," I reply, half-heartedly trying to help.

Here you pause, appear to think. And then: "Any automatic, retrograde blindness that leans too heavily on the past must somehow, in time, become graced with cosmic awareness, and thereby come to understand the..."

When the word 'cosmic' pops up, I always take the fire escape. So as not to break with tradition now, I start

folding up my napkin, and with one hand, deftly pick up my tea glass, and my utensils, all while rising quickly out of my chair. I then move directly to the sink, noisily chunk my utensils in there, and turn the hot water on full force.

You are still saying things, I think, but I'm looking into my own inner realm, trying to find a glimpse of an acceptable reality, for my peace of mind. These things I do.

7-26-00 II

Quickly scanning over all of my perrogatives...

Now, what I have come to

perceive throughout all of this is that you are something of a quirky soul, yet one who is capable of sharp, comprehensive reasoning. This has been borne out many times, before my eyes. And what do I like about you? Perhaps it's just the primacy of your original mind, and how you bear it with as much grace as you can. Sometimes you say things that I've never heard put in such a way. I like that a lot.

But I don't dare let you in on this. I'll keep you here, in my world, and savour your auras for a bit. You seem to grow on a person. Or, on me, at least.

I notice in the corner of my perceptions that you have just grown

quiet, somewhere in the other room. I know, here, that you are probably just in there thinking some shameful thought, or doing something awful and stupid. Like picking your nose. That kind of thing.

Moving from where I was standing, by the light from the window, and setting my book down open to the page I was looking at, I stealthily move to the entrance of the kitchen, and peer in. Your coffee cup and lap-top rest on the table, and the chair has been pushed back some distance.

I see that you must be outside, and move to the closed screen door, half expecting to see you out there, paranoid, and peering thru the slats in the fence at the neighbors yard.

But no, you're crouched down on the porch, scooping out some grated cheese from a plastic bag with your fingers and feeding it to the stray kitten from the neighborhood.

"What'cha doin', you?" I proffer. "Found yourself a buddy there?"

I move down the steps and stand beside the porch, reach there and stroke kitten warmly, who seems to quiver all over at my touch. She is perfect, and adored.

"I was thinking," I begin something. "Are you aware that some of the most vibrant and colorful animals on Earth live at the bottom of the sea, where no one can see them anyway?"

"Yeah, I've thought something like that before," you answer, in a kind of

drawl, while snaring a bit of cheese from the corner of kitty's mouth.

"Pretty wonderful for scuba divers, don't you think?"

"Nature's gift to man, or the fishes gift to one another?" You wonder out loud, for me, as you reach behind kittens ear to scratch.

"But since there's very little light down there..." I ask, offering a point I had thought of earlier, "...would they even *know how* they look to one another?"

You are silent for a moment, then proclaim, "It's Nature's un-read genetic storybook."

I think, then pretend, like the summary of a Nature program in a T.V. Guide: "*Submersible with halogen headlights illuminates under-*

water fantasy-land. Cameras capture the visions, and show that Mother Nature is surely the greatest artist of them all."

"Easily... easily. I've seen it myself."

"So, isn't the presence of all of that beauty down there more or less proof of a much deeper intelligence, and perhaps..." Here, I venture out a bit, "...that it was all created for *us to perceive*, when we had advanced far enough to get down there?" I query.

"Yes, but that would be the ego-centric viewpoint." you counter. "Wouldn't a truer thinker more rightly ascertain that there might have been a still deeper reason for species coloration than to amaze the perceptions of Man?"

"I have to go your way on that point." I quickly contend, suddenly perceiving your vision.

You caution me, "Well, it's just that... to make one's worldview overly ego-centric... well... I guess a philosophy like that would probably lead us to think along the line that all of creation, even the fish of the deep, are 'for' humans?"

Thinking, here, I quickly respond, "And wouldn't that reasoning also lead outward, into the Universe, as well as into any other dimensions that might be found?"

Proving your mind has reach, now, you make the point, "Surely, such an ego-centric philosophy might have served a good purpose during

mankinds primal struggles against the elements, and to advance to civilization, but now...that we've apparently won the race, here on Earth..."

"With the information age..." I add,

"....verging on the infinite..."

"...we as a species may be on the verge of learning our true place in the cosmos, and that all of our separate philosophys have so far been more like curious developmental mantras, meant to help us comprehend that which lies beyond, and how it relates to us."

This is the accurate joy of a harmonious relationship. The two of you can flex your minds together,

much like working out in a gym. It makes life lively.

Kitten is full, and you and I go back into the house, chattily. You go to the refrigerator for some ice and water, while I go to the front of the house, and start thinking about the afternoon ahead.

7-26-00 III

I can see you from where I sit, through the wide crack in the door.

This, and the incidental sounds that float between the two rooms, form the threads of meaning which we allow this night.

It's been so relaxing here, in my chair, listening to some of your tapes.

Since about eight this evening, I've

more than once thought to myself that this has been a particularly pleasant evening. I genuinely hope that your experience of the time has been so sweet.

We haven't spoken much, but I have felt some energy, here, and now I think to myself that you may have been inwardly planning for this time. Perhaps, on this day, you have found my joy, my peace, even my exhibitionism. Perhaps I have willingly allowed you entrance to a certain site in my heart, which I had perhaps previously reserved for only my woman friends.

You seem to be watching me with large eyes indeed, and I feel, now,

like I am wide open to your perceptions. At another time, another place, I would rise to action, so to speak, and lead you from where you sit into one of my ponderous, tangible worlds, but for now, I am content to sit in your company, reveling in the many moods that I am feeling from your spirit, and from within myself right now.

7-27-00 III

Perhaps, about in thru here, I am beginning to rise above this stupefying mist. My perceptions may become greatly freed up. I am certainly feeling more at ease, and this is vital, I know.

How does one see the future? I am asking this, knowing that no answer will be forthcoming. You have your vision, may it reveal some subtle clues to that regard.

Perhaps, one can't see one's own future. But, the immediate future of one who is somehow smaller in stature, mentally, than you, one might be able to see. There is a truth, here, that I have just stated.

How deep is time?

What lies in empty space?

What separates the religious from the non-religious? Yes, this is an interesting distance indeed.

Is there a 'Great Spirit?'

Is everything, finally, reducable to

mathematics and quantum physics?

Then, what is the mysterious intellect, the soul, of Man?

What is each life, but a glimpse of infinity?

Does that world itself have a Maker, or Source?

Perhaps, this fountain is found right here, right now, within, flowing ever outward as the evolving moment, which we may perceive at will.

7-27-00 IV

I merely wonder, with glee, at the many variables that seem to be forming, turning around me. Certainly, this 'turning' is of the essence for that previous line. What

could this mean? Is there a real phenomenon inherent to life itself, that in time, lends itself to the use of that word?

Perhaps, the word 'flow' shares a related bounty of import.

I am thinking these thoughts as you enter the room where I am, wafting your hands through the air around your head, while making 360 degree circles on the living room floor, and continuing to wave your hands all about your body.

I smartly recognize that you must be trying to free yourself from some diaphrenous realm of thought which must of formed itself around your being there in the other room.

Or perhaps, I then think, your

movements and gestures are meant as more of a symbolic statement, maybe even directed to some aspect of my own persona.

Maybe, you're trying to relate to me how you're feeling encroached upon, or claustrophobic, or constricted by some recent development in our relationship.

"Those spiders!" I remark ambiguously.

You laugh genuinely, which I graciously appreciate at the moment.

Certainly, I think it is true that you could come through most anything *I* could ever conjure at you. Your warmth, I know, is very uplifting to me. Perhaps, the paranoia I felt with regards to our harmony context were,

in fact images drawn out of our recent past. However, I do tend to think that the human mind tends to see the darkest possible possibilities, at any given juncture.

7-27-00 VI

In life, one quests mainly for a vision, for the guidance of mind that may lead to the bringing out of concrete realities. Without a vision, one's actions are vague, amorphous, and possess little impact.

If you ever should stop your ceaseless thinking, then...

Just what is that which guides the mind of the writer? Is it the pre-

ordained? Destiny? Or are the words and phrases which form from within a living, vibrant testimony to creativity in action?

If ever one feels that the vital act of creation has somehow been usurped by that which has come before, by the pre-created, then surely he or she will feel his life running out, away from him.

Perhaps, it could be said that creativity must be born of the moment for it to have real value.

Where is it that these words flow from? Is this perhaps an alien intelligence, somehow residing deep within my soul, and now flowing out into this material dimension by my assistance? Certainly, this would

explain my cosmic perspectives. I seem to have an inherent understanding of perspective, of the depth of things, in a general sense. My touchstones are the inner realm, and the Universe beyond.

This is really just word jazz, as I am capable of creating it. It is a material documentation of my thoughts of the moment. Perhaps, one could say that this is far beyond stream of consciousness type writing, for my perceptions of this moment are quite profound. This is how I produce such lucid thoughts, without appearing to try. Not only do I see deeply into my own within, but I understand that my time perception is a bit broader than yours. I can see

beyond your moment. Backwards, and forward as well.

Now you can comprehend how these thoughts seem pre-ordained, at times. I've been thinking about these words before you perceived me saying them. I'm wierd that way. You can't comprehend it. All I can really say for sure, is that you definitely should access this intellect that you carry around with you, as much as possible. I've got some variables up in the air, things I'm thinking about putting to paper, if you can bear with me. With all of your time, you could have a vast output, if you tried.

Here's your dilemma: you are simply torn between your deep

acquired perceptions of the now, and your own essential self, which is small by comparison. However, within this dichotomy lies the beauty that I call life, for myself. The powers of this relationship are immense.

7-28-00 V

This, finally, is how life is formed. How progress is accomplished. Life forms vision, vision in turn forms, or allows life to come into being. As a record in the permanance of material documentation, an artwork garners many energies unto itself, over time.

The energies which flow into an existance from a work of art are but silver and gold. They may be

cherished, but they do not prolong life. The wheels of existence turn inexorably, forever unvarnished by the haze of idealism.

I have but one aim, thru these words. That is: to tap, somehow, the deeper currents which forever meander amongst all of existence, and create expressions of exactitude, which capture for all time, the essence of a single moment. May it be known that I possess the ability to do such things, in time.

7-29-00 II

There is so much that can be said,
for the timeless...

Perhaps, there can never be an end

to the spoken word, or else life should cease. As the chants of the religious should rise endlessly into the sky, so these words of mine accend upwards.

I am merely wondering, where can it all be going? For there is surely no inherent direction to these words, only the simple improvisations of one who is perhaps less than inspired, at the moment. If you are wise, you will cease you interminable sobbings, and come to perceive the nexus which has formed itself within my heart, and which may swift you into another realm of a richer, greater beauty.

I long for the lucidity which may allow me to grasp the full impact of these words as I write them... I at

times am far too deep within the 'now' to bring sensibilities to bear on these improvisations. Perhaps, to the wise, an order will seem apparent even amongst my strains of chaos, but to the simple, the uninspired, my words may seem to conflict one another, to clash like contrary winds.

If one has a mind, then let them come to understand: there is truly a vast array of diversity to life, and all right minded actions must be laced with a certain depth of thought, else those actions will not possess the grace needed to gain a foothold into the living face of reality.

The one of shallow experience must have a goal: to gain depth, and comprehension. To allow one's life to

continue unguided, unchallenged by the impetus for the 'transforming voyage,' is to court much depth of misery and loneliness.

One *must* quest after meaning and substance, if that life is to ever gain a real viability. The quest is the doorway to existence. Beyond the door is reality, tangibility.

The quest itself is long, like the 'time' itself, and is full of chaos and blindness. However, the voyager will be guided, like a saint, through his unfolding realms of tribulation and experience. He is drawn through these landscapes by destiny, by the divine instincts of 'the beyond'. Throughout, he will possess a tenacity, or else falter.

The voyager must always attain to sensitivity, and allow the feminine impetus from within to wear all of her soft garments.

He must know, above all, when he has ventured astray, and must bow to the guiding hands of just authority, as they chastise him.

If ever there could be a lesson, then it is this: gentleness and compassion must be the hallmarks of all the voyager's paths, else he will be feared and hated.

One must come to open his eyes to those around him, and, in time, begin to understand his own being.

When one has attained to inner vision, the practical guiding hands which illuminate and educate, then

perhaps he will be well on his way to wholeness. Those around may then grow more respectful, and distant, giving the new life room to form.

If one may find peace, then let him do it while he is young, and vital. Let the excited dancers fill all of the empty spaces with romance.

8-5-00

And, finally, when one has entered into the flow of life, and freed his or herself from the confining constraints of illusion, the separate-self-identity, then the true progression of events may be observed.

As one becomes aware of what is happening around him, all of the events in their progression, then he or

she may consider themselves to be a full fledged member of the universe, a true enlightened being.

For, finally, it is within the within, in the meditations upon the deep reality of the *occurence* and *placement* of events, as they become expressed of quantum as well as the cosmic perspectives, that one may instinctively clear ones mind of all dross.

It is within the precise placement of events upon the living face of your consciousness that you commune with the All. It is within this continual happening, in all of its variety, that the eternal 'time-space continuum' does find an immaculate expressive pallatte, which the enlightened one may perceive thru *inner vision alone*,

and thus experience a *true meditation*.

8-6-00

One, having, merely sits, then acts, and then sits again. Something, now, holds me back from describing it's substance, so perhaps it's essence will suffice, this being the 'inter-connectedness' of all things. Not a comparison, or as a social aphorism, but applying strictly to all realms--including this material, which one may perceive with the eyes.

This can not be stated enough: These words are not meant merely to bring one into some jolly fraternal collective, but merely to announce, to all the world, that the highest

gracefulness of consciousness does in fact come, given enough time. Anyone can attain a willing vision, which may propel him along in gracious connectedness with the entirety of the Universe.

What I mean is that the very fabric which unites even the most distant 'mass' and 'space,' is itself manifesting, in vibrancy, within the world which I inhabit here, and now I myself am in that flow, and can interject, at any time I choose, into it.

I sigh deeply, as I come to see that this is just something that cant really be named, except by 'the time-space continuum.' This concept lies at the core of relativistic physics, and cosmology.

Everyone, the simplest to the most complex, possess within themselves the potential for the perception of this 'interconnectedness.' This comes in time.

8-9-00

When I try and fathom the mind of man, I am faced with a crux of existence. It appears that the separate meanings which one utilizes are but symbols for the changing faces of God.

If one must ponder over the natures of such things, let it become known that all of man's endeavors are but a dance, a display of collective knowledges accessed thru vision. The one who wonders will be rewarded

with the dance of life, and for him or her, knowledge of the eternal.

The spirit of the fountain is that which enlivens each animal life. Amongst the stars, it is a spinning out of tales, of motifs, and of the myths of old.

Perhaps there is but one life, which is the Universe, with its dynamism and flow.

Or, maybe there is a dual aspect to existence, a real pairing of complementary opposites.

Still possibly, this great Universe is peopled with beings from another, less concrete dimension. And perhaps this is finally where we are all bound,

a place somehow *outside* of both time and space...

It seems to me that a being from outside of the Universe might be able to percieve events as they approach, come into being, and then recede... the very flow of that which we call Reality. Perhaps with better eyes, and intellect, one could deduce the essence of the moment, the very thoughts of the Universe.

The nature of the reality substrate, as revealed thru quantum physics, is an interplay of forces which govern both the realm of atoms and atomic nucleii, and of the Universe as a whole.

The particles deep within the

nucleus of an atom oscillate at velocities which approach the speed of light. There are dozens of known particles which are found there. Therefore, the total energy contained in any object is immense.

Einstein's landmark equation: The energy of anything is equal to its mass, times the speed of light-squared. To have an understanding of this is to perceive what could be called a modern divine truth.

To study quantum physics, and how the smallest known particles behave in space, and interact with one another, is to perceive a world far more strange than anything man could dream up. It has been found through studying particles that the essence of matter is dynamism, and that on a

basic level there can be no separation between the observer and the observed. We are bound up together in the deepest possible sense.

It is thought that any atomic particle is but a point condensation of the time-space continuum, and therefore that the material world could be likened to a kind of illusion with a permanence. Perhaps its ultimate purpose is to provide a home for spirit, a sacred ground.

8-11-00

In the quest for enlightenment, let one now begin.

In taking care of needs, may one exercise moderation.

In this sense: If you are traveling at near to the speed of light, your world, your reality sphere, will temporally slow itself. You won't be aware of any difference, probably, but those you left back at home will be many generations dead when you return. This leads me to believe, or to perceive, that any activity has the capacity to *slow down* time, so that one's external ongoings progress more rapidly, beyond that of which you are aware. This plays out ever so subtly within the human consciousness during our daily activities, and inactivities. (Emotional activity being what I refer to here) This effect is intensified when the physical body itself is accelerated greatly. In this experience, differences in time itself,

rather than just our perceptions of it, would be manifested.

8-12-00

In my life, anyway, there seems to be a dynamic-- between the active, and the reflective. In the active mode, my senses are open to suggestion from outside. I then am caught up in time, and cannot sense the present moment. Within the reflective mode, my inner vision becomes more active, and I grow to understand the subtle impressions of the unseen, and God.

I continually find myself groping for that reflective mode which does produce the most rich experience. But my memories are most receptive, it seems, to those endeavors which are

perceived through the external senses. These are more in reality, so to speak. But it is the visions of my reflective self which give the greatest sense of interconnectedness, and wholeness.

I find myself continually wishing for an understanding of mathematics, so that the worlds of physics might take on a concreteness. But alas, poetry will have to suffice, and magic must be sufficient, and through contrasting opposites I must come to project true depth, and distance, and the symbols must allow their hidden meanings to shine thru. This will have to be my source of insight into the greater mysteries. Perhaps these insights are too human to be applicable to the quantum realms, but

in a cosmological sense, they may suffice.

8-14-00

One sits, silently observing the flow of life. In this regard, he or she is inactive, a passive perceiver. Perhaps, then, some light actions might be performed, to as it were, re-confirm one's knowledges of him or herself. One always tends to forget whom they in fact are, being of their time as they are.

Let it be known that if one wants to look across the spaces of the beyond, that one must look for this divinity in the flow of life around him or her, or bring it out of the within thru such endeavors as writing, which

may clearly manifest one's present sense of spirit, and inspiration.

Writing is a physical act which tends to preserve the subtle gestures of the within for longer than those gestures themselves. In this regard, this is a desirable thing, for it allows one to get a grasp of who they are at the time. This always will be a function of the changing moment, the now, as expressed through one's deep awareness.

One wonders, here, how the moment I am perceiving will play itself out. I am desirous that the lives of the crew on board the Russian sub will be saved somehow. I suspect that there is a chance that a large sub would not survive a descent to 500

feet, and that a crew at that depth could not survive. However, I am not sure of this. Perhaps there were those who were able to find a secure chamber, but oxygen supply would be a serious concern.

I think that what I am best at is providing for myself an accurate picture of the moment. Perhaps, if one's mind had sufficient reach, he or she could perceive these words and somehow glean bits of insight into the broader state of affairs. There is a vast world before my deep mind, and it seems clear to me that this mind somehow knows of any pertinent data. The closest thing I could imagine would be a kind of pocket key-pad with internet access. Perhaps

the full range of electro-magnetic radiation is easily perceived by the world within. Perhaps one's deep consciousness is a direct flower of the totality of the Universe.

Perhaps, yet, it is entirely fruitless to try to offer proof of the 'quantum potential' from within the limitations of explicit (unfolded) manifestations.

8-28-00

If it must be known, the doorway to the within is truly the essence of all existence. For without this flowing outward, from that which is within, then surely life cannot progress.

There are many theories as to what

may unfold in the future. Surely, my sacred assignment must be to be a doorway into the within, for the children of life to pass thru. When I myself was first beginning to open my eyes to the world around me, and it's depth of meaning, I began establishing a system of ideas by reading what others had to say on the matter. I was also attracted to music that offered portrayals of the within. Perhaps it is more or less fruitless to grasp at any more understanding than I now possess. But one wants always to grow, to become as one with the greater majority around him or her, and to know the unfolding secrets.

Perhaps in one's quest for enlightenment, it would best serve a person to merely keep abreast of

developments in the world around themselves. Surely the artist-types of the world must have the highest respect and regard for that which is real. For myself, this includes political developments, here and abroad, advancements in science and technology, and cultural trends in the world around me.

But the child within longs for a science of love, that which in a way, cannot be given. But as the artist which I am, I may easily tell another of that which I do know, and lend a hand in this way. I certainly will make a name for myself as being somewhat 'easy,' that I am perhaps all too willing to relate that which I know. And indeed, this is a power and a handicap. Perhaps I will gain

loyal adherents, which I must somehow try to be gentle with. Absolute power corrupts absolutely is what they say, and I have found this to be true for myself.

My hope is that by somehow expanding my horizons, and coming to a greater awareness of what is being done in the world around me, I may gain a degree of confidence in that which I myself do. I might even find a wider vocabulary, through a religion of choice, a system of thought. It is really these reference points that are put forth by the world's religions that can be leaned upon, drawn upon in creativity.

One wants to have knowledge about the models that others use in making decisions in daily life.

Perhaps then he or she could make decisions with more confidence.

9-3-00

I long to reveal unto you that which you need to know. This is my goal. Many things have happened since we last spoke, and I must fill you in on these developments.

The East, and the West. Surely the Westerner must be strong in his convictions if he is to be able to withstand the perspectives brought around him by those of the East. I think in many ways that perhaps the chaos of youth is in many ways brought on by the clash of these opposing points of view.

On writing:

By partaking of the mythology of his or her particular culture, and fusing it with that which he has experienced from abroad, one may establish rhythms which may impact the reader. In the same way that the instrumentalist in music must, to endure, have a set vocabulary of recognizable motifs which he feels good command over, so the writer needs to be firmly grounded in concept. The skilled writer is a conjurer of image, metaphor, and meaning.

The breath of life which imbues the most lucid of writing makes good use of irony, and contrast. When one

begins to make leaps of thought, which can't really be fully understood, yet convey an emotive impact, then he or she is partaking of the divine. A work which exhibits traits such as this can be viewed as timely, and the reader begins looking for connections around and within it. If it is an ancient work, he sees it as predictive. If it is of his own time, he feels it's strength in other ways.

Perhaps, the door to good writing is found mostly in his readers. The writer should not take them for fools. He must recognize that much meaning and impact can be conveyed with a minimum of words. In fact, the credit he gives his readers is then porportional to the credit they will

give him, in return. This is a difficult lesson to learn.

The best writers are self aware, and keenly conscious of how their words will impact upon others.

9-4-00 iii

I am getting the sneaky suspicion here that

Well, that has just been spoken, by me, myself.

I wonder how, in fact, you might claim that which you seem to be claiming at this time.

OK, just come back to you, hoss. There you go. Now you are one with yourself. This was all I had just asked

of you, for as you know, I am myself rather shy.

Have you comprehended me, myself? I am wondering.

Let not your affections be dissuaded from their fulfillment, be you a man.

Oasis, that which rejuvenates, may actually give life.

Who is the divine chooser, I must know. For my purposes are but pure, that which you, yourself, cannot fathom.

If I approach, and rest, might I be granted the fullness of spirit to just merely partake?

Or shall I go forward in the turbulence of that which has come before?

May we all be swifted away from damnation, if we be alive, and vital.

The message which I bear is not one of cautioning, for in fact all we here are within the arms of something much greater than we, ourselves.

But I ask that you use that which you have been given, and for the better or the worse, move continually forward into the next existence.

None know what lies beyond, but I can surely harmonize the lights, and perceive a slight bit.

To you, I may be fully informed, or merely a Sage.

Now three children relax within a chamber. There are three doors. They all exit through the same

doorway, so as to be with one another.

Who knows of what blossoms within the unspoken. It fades away. There is but one path, and through cognition and awareness you may see far around you.

Well, I do declare. What was that? Surely nothing but that which is solidly beneath the fingers of the typist.

This is the unspoken vernacular. The picture is within it's frame. There it lives. It is good. Don't fret.

9-5-00 i

Maybe now you can comprehend that which has been told you before.

The Earth is truly a great and beautiful blue-green gem of the galaxy.

Take care of it, for as you know, it is exceedingly difficult to find another place like it.

Now what you might be wondering is this, or perhaps that, or well, who really knows in fact what you might be wondering.

But I ask only one thing of you, and it is this:

Now, where have all of us been before this horror took place?

We entered into the flow of existence throughout time.

Time is truly times, and times times, minutes seconds, hours... the Gods use all types of time

diffraction... dialation... stretching,
and altering.

So, in notating the moment, you
come to the irrepressible point of
opinion that this Universe is truly
ruled by the Gods themselves.

Now, what would I like to write
about, here? Let me just think for a
brief moment, and then I'll get back to
you on it. No.

Now if one is wondering who that
lovely personage might just be, well,
for your sake she is a creator who
lives in the world. She conforms to
many things, others she alters by will.

Who knows where she will go
next, for her dreams are invisible.

You see her in a linear fashion, for

she is timely.

How best to go about the process...
this is what I am wondering...

What is it that you would like from
me?

How can I tell you that which I do
not know?

9-9-00 i

One seeks to find the inarticulate
speech of the heart, and in that way
distill expressions of utmost purity for
the generations.

One must look into the within, and
there tune into the spirit of lightness,
those things which sparkle and
shine...

For let it be known that there is

One within who understands the mysteries, and that magic is real and present within both music and the written word.

When and only when one is receptive to these things may their inherent openness and simplicity be a vehicle for larger energies.

This is the key to understanding the arts, really. If one is willing to let themselves go under the spell of an artwork, then the artist's own self-sacrifice may become another's revelation.

Every creation becomes a journey for the artist when it is seen or perceived by others. Thru this wonder the artist may journey to the farthest corners of his persona, and come back changed.

9-10-00 i

If you have ever wondered at the vast distances which separate men, then let me just ponder over this for a minute.

Now, where in the world could the vital inspiration have flown?

Perhaps, there is no need whatsoever to worry or fret when faced with the empty page. For there is actually nothing at all that the individual may do to consciously cause words to flow. This comes wholly from the within, and isn't under much personal control. Perhaps this is the unique freedom afforded to the writer: the completely

unconscious upwellings of substantive thought.

This flows from ancient knowledges, which have a complete control of language, of expression. One does good merely to allow these impressions to flow, and thus gain insight.

What more can one say, really, than that to write is to be in the immediate presence of the timeless, the eternal? This must be experienced to be believed. You already possess it, though perhaps you haven't come to an awareness of it's presence. The resolute will be rewarded beyond measure.

Perhaps there is no need to go on,

and everything that can be said has already been said. To believe this, however, is to deny yourself of your basic humanity. Though we live in a vast world, and are continually bombarded from every side by what seems to be like a hyper-culture, not to allow one's own immaculate nature to find expression from within itself is to slowly die out, to drown. One must create in order to move forward.

That which defines your life is this which flows from the within. Without it's graces you are but a shell, and stagnant. Those who know the creative impetus, who have been shown it's immediate accessibility and deep meaning, will long to allow it to find expression thru themselves.

If ever you have found magic from within, in your actions and gestures, then this must be seen as the doorway, as it has been made accessible to you. You already long to re-create this magic, and though it may seem a distant goal, it must be known to be attainable.

I can remember as a child being well aware of when something larger than my own self had sprung from my mind. This has to be seen as the child's 'tantalizing impetus,' and be coaxed out again and again. It is of particular importance for parents to exhibit artistic role modeling from an early age, for this may lend a validity to the child's own artistic endeavors.

10-13-00

This is the story of imagery: First, it was born. Then, it grew hair, and teeth, etc.. Later on, he went through a difficult personal transformation. It started making artistic statements, and after a while, achieved oneness.

At some point, he started realizing that his mind could sense other peoples intentions, and that his feelings are corresponding, sympathetic. He sees other's timely perrorajatives as being respectable, in a sense. Later, he recognizes more and more how his own unique point of view is equal or better than that of most others, and therefore he becomes genuinely competetive.

Sunshine is not irrespective of any

difficult anomalies. The only dream which conquers the mind is the space dream, and the gradual minimalizing that you find.

Not many years ago, three men walked the face of the Earth. Nameless. In them, those, one looks, finds, benefits, and truly transcends. These characters, of a course, had good sense. As far as I know, they still do. Not particularly intellectual, artists, basically adhering to strong principles of beauty, sobriety, and transformative power.

Without any separate loss, one may look to the within, and possessing strength, and sense, become enabled of feminine impetus throughout lucid mindfulness.

The accurate dreamers, if there can

be such a thing, do this: Avoid ripening early, robbing self. Knowing the right moment is critical.

10-13-00 ii

Without, now, a doubt. As always. This poor soul grows tired of writing after a while, but here I am, in the now. This is different. Chinese listeners, surely, have difficult ears. This is why they have been punished of God.

I tell you what, it is as if each and every single minded child of God must literally carve out a relationship with that great Universe, and home in on those single minded pursuits which may elevate. Any and all animals are at home somewhere in heredity. The

great theme you choose to follow offers unique challenges. Of course, if you pick 'time' itself, you just draw from everything, and better not rush to early ripening. Children know this, and formulate early plans to work with what they have. The gifts proffered by schoolteachers will lie largely disused, as extra toys on Christmas mornings, when the special prize has been already located.

Children know this, too, by what is within. This is really the greatest secret of all. To locate a separate peace allows for individuality to thrive even in the world. Truly, these are called 'individuals.' These are strictly original. If it sounds or looks like anything else, then by law

it can't be a prize commodity. These alone, by the way, have followers or adherants, which now feel liberated from the greater whole, under the umbrella of such originator.

To be a fount of intellectual newness, you form a literal dynamic upheaval in the flow of Nature. At times, this is not a pretty thing. Particularly in the early firey transformative stage. Morning brings a distinct beginning, and thru an expansion into the sphere of the greater world comes a deepening of character and consciousness.

...TO BE CONTINUED

10-14-00 i

OK, weird children everywhere.

Who knows the true meaning of existence. It seems like sacred spirit finds a home in the material sphere, where all valuable things take place in grace. Fierce competition dwells here also, hook and crook sometimes, poor, sorry death, and miserable sex exist in fiery alternating indwellings.

Smart people make money with their own resources. It seems like the world of the arts has fine benefits somehow. When you make something real, by sending it out into the vast material world, it changes you inevitably.

(Now everybody knows a good thing when they see it.) Sorry, people's tastes vary widely. (But wait a minute, my benefits are logically derived from my knowledge of what a

variety of people might like.) Now hold on right there, you seem to be perhaps overly self-confident. (Perhaps this is a magic confident incantation to bless my works with strength) Look, try to be logical as you say you are. (Magic is highly logical.) No, honestly, I can't believe in things I can't see. (I'm just being honest, excuse me for being human.) Well, it's not as if I feel intimidated by you, so please, convince me. (I'm quite sure that many would assume such a stance. I appreciate the point of view. I'm just not good at arguing things like that. I know you're an artist.) Who said anything about argument? (Well, you make a point.)

Are you sure of your terminology? I mean, magic has obvious dark connotations, surely you can't expect anybody to take those things at face value. (Well, nothing like the present.) Sure.

If you're saying that the nature of existence for the one is equal to that of the other, I think you err. (I'm afraid I don't follow you.) Well, that's probably because you've never been shown the truth. (I trust you're saying something like, 'people are individuals, and have distinct ways of expressing themselves.) Yes, but it's more than that, really. (Go on.) People of the world like to split things up into concepts of 'good' and 'evil'. (I've observed this. Clearly, I'm not very uptight about most things.)

Perhaps you should be. I'll just tell you, many people see people like you, and find easy proof for categorization. (How frank you are, which I appreciate. I would feel insulted.) But it's just a fact that's impossible to ignore. (I know that some religions encourage, seem to demand ignorance from people.) You're getting there. (It's kind of like, some people figured out how to wield the utmost power over masses of people.) And isn't it just fear of the unknown that drives the whole thing? (Well, you said it, there.)

That which you know at the present, don't ignore. (Listen, I've got a secret sign.) How far does that get you? (Far, I think.) What if things went wrong? (If you try you can give

another the benefit of your mind, innocence and sophistication.) It's the sophistication part that always gets me, personally. (When I see the world, I don't feel threatened by it.) Have too much, and people hate you for it. (I'm dirt poor! Really, I'm not too conservative.)

10-14-00 ii

The fragile beauty regarded the world just unfolded. Perceiving this, one somewhere thought, it is her, the one I had thought. Together they were, though separated, each carefully sorry at the distance separating their warm bodies.

Having learned her lesson of

forgiveness, he felt he knew her. Could she now be any more enticing?

We all know how, thru friendship, kindness is allowed to flourish, in time and space. See now how generosity conjures still more life, and love. Only the man of poorer spirit is challenged by a woman's sophistication. Genuine tenderness lives in thought, as new and distant worlds are formed. This is memory.

Children carry no deep burdens, and therefore care not what others think. Yet as you dwell, forming yourself continually, I carry on in private admiration. This is womanly bereavment, the clear choices of the beautiful. (Without such beauty, the

vital breath becomes diminished...)

Am I happy now? Should you be born into the immediacy of newness, bold suchness, would I not be happier still? Yes might well answer both. I really just feel your sexuality still, in my soul. The corners of my inner vision are enhanced by soft warmth, wet lips, long bare legs, hips, and the touching of breasts. Somewhere in my mind, our naked bodies contact one another.

Moving forward into time, beyond moments of heat into the coolness of distance, of the even night, I feel that I have known you. Through the complexity of living hearts sometimes join, and though shared moments live

only in memory, what is the future, if not a brilliant promise. To nurture tenderness is emblematic of desire, of divinity. May those prayers cherished find result.

10-21-00

Looking only into the knowledges one possesses of Reality, it's deep Universal Morph, (and also my dear reader, for whom ALL is,) one may come to condense impressions, collecting not the fear and pain, yet adhering to the sweetness of the Earth, where we, us, are.

Sending these words deep into space, now, into spaces beyond the known, one must note that these

children here surely are sophisticates. Therefore, perhaps, one may state, 'These all surely are Universal knowledges, of God, experience, depth, etc., then perhaps possess we now the adequate clues for understanding?

Swiftly answering myself, I state that we are but a form of life, within a Universe which defies perception, or any hope of eventual full comprehension. Therefore, putting cues together, one may silently, inwardly perceive a glimpse, maybe seen before, adored, feared, perhaps longed for, of Super Existence.

Those who can control the lights, and pass thru walls, things like this,

WHO shall remain nameless, these may lightly, correctly observe any one of us from afar. (Benefited of the Absolute, these are wise.) Temporal beings, which we are, in a sense, can't do those things that REAL magicians give.

Those one's who doubt, carrying on absurdly in the retrograde, *(not to be mistaken for the spirit of 'Retro' culture of hip,)* all while clinging not to the ancient foundations from which Earth derives primary spirit, and character, are but sad examples.

My mind sees also these foundational basics as 'character': The Pyramids of Egypt, (and those benefited children,) the Mayans,

Incas, the Sweet Dreams of the Native Peoples of the West, all those honest and correct Buddhists, Hindis, Tibetans which tested waters, still do.

The correct truth is the simple heart of the matter. All know, yet still, heredity leads so many astray. These present and 'correct' flowers of technology should not be prized by men. These are but tools: pens, pencils, paper. We ourselves are instruments. Those one's who would suggest special cosmic reward for themselves are beyond assistance. Each and every one is a child of God. All, one day, will rejoin the Absolute, without prejudice. (prejudice, after all is but the intellectual trap of the defeated)

10-23-00 i

...those who have been shown it's immediate accessibility, deep wisdom, should really always challenge themselves to ask from the within. This is, after all, a unique freedom afforded to the improvisational writer, or artist: Access to non-personal upwellings of substantive thought. And, after all, people need these gifts in their lives.

What do things like this offer? An ethereal glimpse into another, less obvious realm. We are part of this realm, which lies somewhere 'beyond,' by virtue of our humanity. However, not all possess the vision of

art which allows such things to be explored at length directly.

People lean heavily upon the known, the reflections of the material sphere, the mechanics of living, business, social norms. The strict tendency of men is to do those things which come naturally, to live as one feels comfortable. The artist also is *led* into places.

Who can really say much of such things, but that were all someone else's son or daughter. It can be said that we're derived of heredity. We live in space and time, so then often we get the impression that we're not alone here.

Since I was young I've sensed how by asking the right questions of people, wanting to extend beyond that which I know already, I may receive answers, and in time form understanding. This has been the spirit of my life for years.

However, I now am beginning to be more certain of things, more willing to state my own views. (Many times, I can clearly perceive my own self only through writing. Putting words together as you feel, one sees patterns of ideas. Although the whole self may actually be a multiplicity of sorts, certain, distinct premises, theories, philosophies will emerge, in time.

10-23-00 ii

Moving forward, across this patch of time, beyond the known, I hope thru this statement to settle back into my mode of creativity and expression. It is true that I may easily write at most any time that I want too, however, many instances necessitate an inner guide for the choosing of accurate philosophical premises.

Always here in the moment, nowhere else, one wishes to lean on a stronger source than his or her own self.

Although a highly accurate and in-depth statement has just been made, or completed, there shouldn't actually be any quality of genuine accomplishment inherent in myself.

That is, until I can formulate plans for getting this statement seen by others.

This can be complex, in a way, for the one of limited financial resources. I suppose that the first step would be in fact to initiate the process properly. This is what I begin to do right now. As a deep, timely person, things necessarily do not happen in the immediate sense for me, but given time for consideration, all things are possible.

I am of the opinion that our book of dharma prose will be well-received by a publisher that publishes short books of poetry.

10-26-00 i

In the afterglow of accomplishment, let one rest, and observe the impacts of his work. In this way, he or she might better comprehend the spirit of his chosen medium. One should know, however, that to review his or her actual work too closely may not be an easy endeavor to stomach.

One always finds, over time, that the emergent theories which form around his or her rejuvenative spirit seem to crowd such efforts into uselessness. The result of mindset, of vision, is a transformative authority within the greater spheres. This ought to be made use of.

Although results finally become

blurred within the unknown by the mind's imagination, the child should know that endeavor is this which forms actual commodity, which has the timely benefit of endurance, and of impact.

I feel that the accurate follow-up to an accomplishment is rest, for a while, but one must know that he or she will want to look back forward into the activities of creation, and renewal.

With a new view and vaster perspective, one might know that he or she has acquired the long-lasting rewards of knowledge, of experience.

Let one find natural comfort in the

chosen safety of his or her dwelling, in the simple tasks given of spirit, of mindfulness.

Surely it may be true that, following a substantial triumph, the next steps forward may seem weak in comparison to that which has already sprung forth. This may be due to the ways in which recent past accomplishment now have a flourishing vital spirit of newness within temporal parameters. Yet, in finding the right time to begin anew, one will also find the key to wholeness.

The goal it would appear, is to work, then rest, and following this, begin to work again. Sounds so

simple, that it is. An element of trust in one's own self is required. This, also, may free one's personality to soak up life.

10-28-00 i

Of a certainty, those who find contemplative solace in the global perspective will, in time, seek personal expressions of a more linear nature. In the writing of thoughts, the act of individual creation, one's possibilities open onto the *intuitive* state of the within.

One's intermingling amongst the All, for myself, anyway, is best experienced within the spectrum of that which might be styled

'improvisation.' However, those attributes which are more purely observational, experiential, can be of great importance also.

In my opinion, the healthy adult person seeks, alternately, to *exponate* his or her within, then enjoy his benefits. The one is material action. The other is formed mostly from awareness. Such 'balance' begins with perspective, the relative relationships amongst the All.

Highly distant... mordant... are the separate families which dwell within ritual sanctity. The child is component nature of this appearance. He has offered the benefits of self-sacrifice, in the spheres of youth, and

innocence.

This one is an artist, the world's servant, the musical sprite of authority. Although he has been taught to journey, in his own home, he or she may yet find nurturing within the greater whole.

Does your morning seem a mysterious place? Are you delved by uncertainties? This is the challenge of new awakening, that which is given you. These are the forms of the old men, who must somehow find re-birth within life. Similar to the way that the most cherished diversions of daily life generally possess a tinge of uncertainty built into their enjoyment, so your mornings carry the simple

majesty of 'What will develop today?'

The best separate enchantments are those which lie within. More and more, perceptions are elevated within experience. .

To find little separation between the observer and the observed is to be one with magic. Perhaps this too, is a benefit of maturity, and grace. To have a willing vision is this articulation, these expressions.

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10-31-00 i

The real world resounds, rejoices in the knowledge of the separate futures which have yet to become!

What ever could be the essences of this which is portrayed, danced over? I always, endlessly wonder at the majesty of living! Can there ever be any end to joy? Without certainty, one is but human. These things, of which we do, lend themselves to timely perspectives of the well defined.

I but hope that one may bear in mind the natures which have already been shown to be... that anyone might pronounce the wonders of magic, in time and space. (For all to see...)

Special benefit comes only at a cost. This is true in both worlds. Would one choose the journey, as his or her door, let them then know that

they will receive many benefits along the way, which can in time, thru the artistry of his or her own chosen messages, be shown to be real and present.

Never, ever discard the early statements of innocence, of naievity. These hold certain magic powers, which would be highly prized by many others... I knew a woman, who was given a benefit of high poetry, from a long journey. These gifts were lost somewhere in the realms of self-deception, of departure. She would have done better, I think, to have clung to her *own* sacred Mother!

One must first come to be aware of the 'elevators' of life, of which go

up, and which may in fact lead one down. This, really, is the key to living the safe and healthy life. (Certain danger zones, such as sex, drugs, and co-dependency, should be handled with the utmost of care and concern. Mistakes in these areas can last a lifetime.)

One should be aware that, as he or she journeys, one is inherently 'blind' in many respects to much that will be revealed later. THEREFORE, he or she should be highly conservative in all decision making, so as to preserve themselves from being overly bound up within future realms. Perhaps, later, with the high benefits of a fully flowered awareness, one might relax his or her strictures, and go forward in

KNOWLEDGE, and
SOPHISTICATION.

11-2-00 i

This is a real testament to the treatment of my mind this day. Let no one wonder from where these words flow. This is my own personal mystery aura. I really don't need to go around taking my self apart, for the curiosities of others. I am whole, complete.

One, here, begins to perceive, perhaps, that this 'taking apart' may yet be what writers do, after all. Yet, I tell myself also that it is really possible to achieve a balance in writing, and that one may rise above

the subtle darkneses that plague the creative.

Looking at what I have just written, I wonder what might be found therein. This creative life, done with vision and purpose, takes getting used to, I here note. No one will ever be content with the early 'beginning gestures.'

Really, for myself, I had been creating on some level for most of my life. As I entered adulthood, I began to perceive concrete lessons emerging from my experiences, and could consciously improve my techniques. Surely, it necessarily takes experience, above all else. Anyone can be a writer, at some level.

Perhaps the simpler, the better.

Perhaps the simplest of all writing comes entirely from the within, without much personal control. This kind may possess a kind of spacey feeling, express classic themes 'out of the blue,' or strike stances which remind one of 'great poetry.'

I'll just say that it's highly simple, and direct. It may easily state much with very few words. When one feels as if his or her words are flowing from a kind of 'alter ego,' or alternate persona, then he or she should definitely sit up and take notice. This goes without saying.

These statements 'from beyond'

may grow to occupy a large place in one's life and mind, over time. If one is wise, he will keep them with him always, always nurturing them by bringing them in with his more personal works. To discard or loose them along the journey of life, without ever bringing them into the open, is to invite sadness, regret into one's self.

My own 'automatic writing' was done during a period of intense personal transformation, which I now think of as part of my 'change years.' Perhaps my self had yet to 'attain oneness,' as the Taoists say, and therefore the writing which emerged came out of that 'fragmented state.' Now, I am higly glad that I kept these

writings. They are important to me, if no one else, for they document an intense time.

Everyone hopes for the best. The last one to know what has been said may be the writer himself. It's just very difficult to learn how to see, to be mindful of one's own self.

11-2-00 ii

On the heels of a great success, in the afterglow of a wonderful emergence, looking now into the future for sustenance...

Those outlines which one may bring out of his or her own being are, in the present, tempered with a great

amount of experience in the realms of vision, of experience. This might be perceived in between one's lines, in the vital spaces which rejuvenate and enliven the chosen expression.

Perhaps, the child of oneness holds also a place in the active writers being. Perhaps such a child really lends her seasonings, her essences of forethought, as a solidification, an annunciation of principle, and mindset.

As I write these words, I am occupied with my surroundings, and necessarily divide my awareness amongst multiple worlds. There are presences, however, which may possess high degree of mindset, and

oneness. I know little of these particular things, except what is shown of me. One has to keep his or her eyes on the heavens, for this is from where benefits flow. All have a sense of this, some level with this place.

Perhaps, the one of shallow experience knows little of 'heaven.' Let him know that it's doorway may be found anywhere. I myself look within. The myths of the establishment have to be discarded. The young one must merely 'follow his bliss.' In this way, he or she might eventually understand the mysteries, and become vital component of real spheres.

I here ask, "What is mysterious about 'becoming vital component of real spheres?' Sure, I state with eloquence what the worldly know already, or have learned. Yet, finally, it is complex, a hereditary timeline, yet ordinary, just that which 'is done.' No lie. You'll come to take care of yourself in the real world, the way Others do.

Is it because men seek that they find? Yes. Isn't it because the child is content that his endurance is short? Do you not possess a wonder? Aren't you reading these words? Life leads us into that which we need to become. So hello, I say to you, be careful at all times, mindful of others, and journey deep within. In time you might find

your re-birth. (This is a way of speaking... just a metaphor for the life's 'new beginning'.)

11-5-00 i

New beginnings can be found everywhere. The one chosen is component of 'now.' Now is long. Might not blossom for you in your own time. It's a component of it's own time, and authority. Renewal in one's life can be born of sacrifice, or of tribulation. But for myself, it usually announces itself plainly. One will know the moment to proceed. The feeling will be apparent.

Let the wise one not advance into statements of ego, or of ritual

portrayal.

Most children make decisions based on feeling, and sensibility.

Therefore, one should know one's heart, thinking first of others, and in times of danger, of his or her own self. The mature adult possesses a strong survival instinct. This 'old' resource offers him a precise, discerning vision. This is highly requisite for navigating life successfully.

As a temporal demonstration, one may venture into a foreign land, briefly. He or she will know from his own keen reactions just how self-sufficient he or she is. As the one of

different descent will judge the visitor, so the visitor will judge the alien. The stranger among others is weak, vulnerable. His decisions, and actions determine future realities. One needn't accept deception. In this way, he or she will discourage others from deceiving him.

Decisions are usually made from necessity. This fact guides all. Those who judge correctly will know that the documented adult usually, if not always, makes crucial choices only as he or she has to. (Here, not referring to the light flow of happenstance that compose an average day, but more to the critical junctures of a life.)

The Godly act from penetrating

perception of the 'now,' and a vast level of experience. What is more, the right minded ones will be relationship-oriented, in the absolute sense. This may allow for earthly benefits to flow.

11-6-00 i

Now that all of that has been said, one may go forward into all of existence, merrily doubting all but the most proven certainties. If there is any one child who carries the myths of the Universe in his or her pocket, then may that one just exercise his continuing theme.

Now, as later, we all find benefit. In fact, we all must quest after such

benefits, those things which provide us each with bliss. Regardless of this, where one looks is not entirely limited to those simple endeavors of the within. All find sustenance anywhere, yet cling mostly to the tried and true. The 'wildly eclectic' are known to be masters of illusion.

All travel the paths they know. For some, this will be of one thing, for another, something entirely different. Of vast importance is the need for locating these keys for one's own self, and adhering solidly to these things.

11-7-00 i

The traveller seeks to free his or

her perceptions from the constraints of illusion, while turning back the encroachment of empty space. Perhaps, the one with a mind for such things will find solace within warmth, natural sexuality. These are the ideas which unify the child with the greater majority. For it can be said that all men prize gentleness, and compassion, and need warmth to shelter them from life.

Perhaps in leaning upon warmth, one might give off a pleasant emanation, and thus better his or her public image. These things are requisite for those who find strife in life, for thru this he or she may begin to transform his whole self.

A strict reality of life is that all people possess about themselves an image, the way he or she will be perceived by others. This knowledge is vital for one's success in society.

Perhaps the adult wants to consciously try and work on his or her 'image,' as being the face he or she exhibits in time and space.

Effort should be made to maintain this 'image.'

This is one of the mysteries of adulthood. Perhaps within these spheres of nearness, the dominant adult may easily triumph. The one of youth should merely try to step lightly, and take what benefits he or

she may find. Having a positive self image is key to survival here.

11-8-00 i

One should always be conscious of his or her public image. I know that I have talked about this before, but it's true that sometimes, this is the one thing which a person may actually do to assist his or her self, as far as social interactions are concerned. This may also be seen by the initiate as a kind of doorway into a deeper realm.

The adult wears masks. One might choose one that feels comfortable, or warm, or conversely, merely one that appears pleasant to others.

One must always remember that although rarely will the individual actually be 'watched' by others around him, people do always judge others. By knowing how to respond to the deep silent watchfulness that sometimes forms around one's self, a man may in fact change the face of the future.

Sexuality is a vast door for any man. These are where his or her vital energies lie. Knowing how to access this place, and taste of it's benefits, is to have the keys to transform his or her realities.

11-9-00 i

So, then, what is needed, for this

world of uncertainty, are those individuals who are willing to describe the natures of reality as they perceive it. By enhancing, and enriching the known availability of 'metaphysical' or 'revelatory' literature, the child may yet find an amazing richness of exploratory potential.

Writings like those of Joseph Campbell, Gary Snyder, and Ken Wilbur formed the very backbone of my inner life from the beginnings of my early explorations. Without these examples, I would have never known of the reality of this type of writing. At all.

The child is led to pick up this or

that text, as his needs require. This is a known fact. He or she will lodge themselves firmly in the metaphysical section of his or her local library, or bookstore. Certain personalities will reach out to him across time and space, proffering clear truths. These are the places he or she will go.

Children possess a keen truth-sense. This is known. The innocent mind is a classical place, perhaps raised on a strong mixture of popular motifs. For this one, the standards will be very high. Illusion, deception will not be tolerated.

The child may yet have to pay a heavy fee to gain entrance into life. Yet, along the way, particularly in the

early phase of wonderment, he will learn much from books. These knowledges form his vocabulary. Although he or she must find reality on his or her own terms, over time, it should be known that these early treasures will be stored away, and may be drawn upon later.

Of importance is the way such a one will observe that which 'has been done before,' that which is acceptable, that which 'may be done.' In this way, he or she will have concrete guidelines for creative endeavors he may later begin. Through this way, too, he will ultimately begin to be able to sort through the subtle mysteries he or she will be confronted with later, and come to acquire his or

her *own* philosophies.

11-9-00 ii

Generous and many are the expressions which have always emerged from the mind of the child. Perhaps these may shed new light on the age-old question, 'what must I do to have what others have?'

One must know here, that what you want, that which you have already seen in certain areas of the world around you, is definitely *not* the same thing as what *everybody* else has. Although to be mature invokes connectivity, not only amongst other men and women, but space itself, this connectivity, or perhaps 'creative

inspiration,' 'craftiness,' is not the sole goal of most. Somewhere else, entirely, it is the *inclusive* goal, that of the deep journey within, which you espouse, or seek to find.

That which you have known always has been the soft and the gently nursing. Parental authority has been your god.

What happened? Did you consume a consciousness expanding drug, and find yourself party to an alien world? Yes, it is you to whom I speak. Have you heard the substantive magic within the sounds of the rock icons, and experience longing for more than that crazy world of drugs and sex? Then you

know, and want not.

Wherever your past, the ancient myths and rites are as alive now as they have ever been. This is secret knowledge for you. They lay not within the known, but in God's kingdom, the realm of aliens and extraterresterials... in the very deep spaces everywhere, always. It is for this ever-present reason that they may begin emerging from the mind of any and all men as one requests this of them.

(Here, your self-reinforcing ego will tell you that this will be something that you will bring from out of yourself alone, but I assure you it doesn't work that way.)

'Myths and rites form the substantive backbone of adult society, and they always flow of their own energies, their own accord.' --The Old Master

Mankind has had to learn about these things by observation, of how they flow, how and when they emerge, and reactions which they evoke.

It is thought that these things should form a vocabulary, or library, for the wise parents. Awareness of this experience may be transferred as conscious knowledge to some sharp children, or it may lay dormant until puberty. By definition, adulthood

means at least some knowledge of these things.

(Hence, the haves and the have-nots form the dominant to the inferior. From wisdom flows certain authority. Here too, anyone may find triumph, in time.)

That which I have stated, I must say again: The journey is long, and is full of contrast, and sameness. One must come to open his or her eyes to those around him, and in time, begin to understand his own self. Thru this process he or she may transform his apparent karma, or caste, and become real party to the evolving spheres of the universe. Gentleness and Compassion must be the two rules for

the child who would learn. Danger is present continually, so travel slowly, thoughtfully, mindful of both inner and outer realms. Give it a dozen years or so, to form. Vision arises in time.

11-10-00 i

Now that the one has come to a fully flowered awareness of this which is real, let them not cease from their endless efforts to teach, to transform, to alter according to their own will.

I say this primarily from my affections for the spirit of individuality, of personal artistry, that which anyone may feel free to access.

That which has been shown to be is an example of the continual evolution of the separate realities which have collected around this soft, quiet existence. These things, surely, have formed not of space itself, in entirety, but as well from the living worlds which all men call society.

What I wish, for you, therefore, is not stupid submission to the will of my own hierarchies; on the contrary, a forming from within your own self, a simple flow of gentleness. Having already seen such things flowing from your being, I now am led to believe that it is true your self is not misguided, or malformed. Perhaps, the womanly spirits which guide the

one within are supplemented from heredity by a certain masculine impetus, this which tends to challenge those one's of gentler spirit.

Although you have yourself offered suggestions as to the changes which should be made in my way of doing things, I am not, in general, persuaded. I suppose that had I not arrived at this place by much effort, and hard work, then, perhaps I would have traces of doubt.

Without a doubt, those expressions which form from within my self, this artistry, these statements, and improvisations, surely must together form a substantial visage. I am not ignorant as to my eventual effect on

the lost tribes of existence. Any creative life is packed with energies, and these should always be wielded both with authority and mindfulness.

Looking now into the future, I am asking the sexual spirits beyond to access their particular vitality, and benefit the ones who have longing, or need.

On any given Friday night, certain genuine magic tricks can be performed. Perhaps the youth may want to come into the spirits of intoxication among beer, or whatever. There can be no harm done if mindfulness is maintained.

Oh happy day!

11-10-00 ii

In the glowing haze of accomplishment, from each and every single child of life, I find the substantive reinforcement of mindset, of vision. These, and others, lend a weight of authority to endeavor, while allowing it into spheres of tenderness.

Of keen assurance is the knowledge, the vision of such and such. One only hopes that those who war, who conquest, find peace from within their endeavors. This has been seen elsewhere, largely in reactions. Perhaps the keenest expressions are those of music, which literally may assist another. For this reason, the

music lover, however challenged, obtains a substantive absolution.

For the musician, however, great tenderness within/without ought be exercised. I have observed the reactions of the One to those warring comments, and such hype, and found this a cold place, devoid of substantive grace. It is for this reason that I adhere strictly to the ambiances of innocence, and maturity.

These spirits of gentler natures sure do provide a correct vision for the present. Of course, I'm but a child, yet thru wise vision I can easily perceive that this super-dominant West, these machines, etc. will find balance sought in spirits of nature.

The earthy, substantive voices from the deep forests of location may head off the encroachment of disunity.

All men live, therefore all possess ancestry. Invite the waiting child into the purity of your own open graceful being. Be transformed into what you already are. Those who speak may offer advice, stimulation. Apparent life leads to enlightenment.

11-13-00 i

Going forward with a new understanding, and a keen eye to artistic principle, I may yet find success. Looking only to the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, one may yet exonerate his or

her understanding. One hopes for the best, always, and surely leans on negativity only rarely. (Negativity may be seen as 'black magic.')

The real trick lies in the enlightenment itself, and the subtle nurturers who shed gradual light. One really seeks to advance understanding, and in this way, percolate creativity. Social enlightenment, in it's gradual unfolding, would have to be my vision for artistic expression. Perhaps by switfing another traveler along into the hands of light, with authority and grace, I myself might find a sense of accomplishment.

The main thing that I hope is that I myself might be happy, today and

tomorrow. The honest truth, is that happiness rests in the spreading of my knowledge. The artists role is to shed light.

11-13-00 ii

May the children of life just live peacefully, hopefully tackling each and every problem that arises.

If you can reconcile yourself with your own dreams, you will surely be on your way to happiness, and the material benefits of existence. I come to you from a perspective of some experience, some pain, much joy, and strong sense of completion, of new beginning. It is from here that I speak. This, these places, which I

know; all carry meaning for me.

If children were to ask you questions, wouldn't you answer truthfully? This has been my plan from the beginning. Now that I have the freedom to choose, I simply choose life. This is really all I need to say, so you'll understand. I choose life.

Please, don't ask what might be required of the one who would journey, for this is the dark side of life, as it may form. Those black flowers come forth into this realm thru such a wayfarer, and his or her tragedy.

The one who must suffer will find

accompaniment along the way. But there will come a time when he or she will find themselves isolated. It is during this time that danger may surface. There may not be anything one can do to avert his or her fate. He or she may be destined to live, or not. Scars last a lifetime.

But be joyful! Along the way, perhaps the great Universe itself will reach down and acknowledge you. You will always hold these things dear, for they will be the images and meanings which distinguish you from others, making you unique.

11-14-00 i

"The first thing, or perhaps the last

thing, one notices upon returning to familiar territory, is that his or her present standing is now tempered by the weight of those many fateful journeys."

One would hope, in following the formats of the media culture, that his or her art will ultimately be helpful. In expressing one's vision, let him or her not lean on darkness as a tool, for this will detriment the collective face put forth.

(In music, one wants to use minor, dark chordings only sparingly. When you intimate darkness, shadows, you lend the work a definite depth. It is also true that no one who has really lived would be content with some

kind of illusory promise of happiness.)

"Children know this, after all, by what is within. This is really the greatest secret of all."

As has been promised, there is really only one knowledge, yet it is highly diversified. It branches upward and outward thru time, expanding and redefining it's own being-ness.

By using innocence, sophistication, charms, and by having a certain handle on his or her own imperfection, one may in fact move the reader. (or the listener.)

What is required of the artist is not really that he be highly advanced, technology oriented, or in any way perfect.

This is the failing of most of the arts in the West, I think. We use sophisticated tools, and finely honed sensibilities to create 'perfect worlds.' The end result, I feel, is that audiences begin to mistrust.

In my opinion, anyway, the best artists should lean heavily on the organic, the natural.

Over-arching perfection should be avoided, naturally, because these seem to produce bad reactions.

Humans don't have business pretending to be perfect.

11-14-00 ii

Now what one would win, over time, will be the personal affections of his or her diety. Diety, for myself, is Life itself.

This, really is what adults do. We all want to stand out in God's eyes. All believe in god. The substance of some spills out into the lives of the many. It's thru this that we have the culture of creativity. Creation flows from within, from peoples inner relationships.

Just look around you, at the

accomplishments of the Western world. The many material schemes of society are all born from interior relationships. This is the 'commodity' that has been written about. In my mind, anyway, the main enablers of society are the architects, builders, and suppliers who give us places to live and work. The engineers of any material commodity allow people to feel comfortable and live their lives.

Examples: The celebrities... artists, writers, poets, and musicians who inspire us to relax, and to enrich ourselves. More likely than not, as you read this, you are just cultivating oneness in your personal life. People get great pleasure from exploring current thought, as it filters in to their

living rooms thru media channels. Certain personality cycles may be observed as pop icons evolve.

This particular reading material is not intended for the eyes of those who know already, no. Instead, it is for the strict substantive purpose of expanding the minds and vocabularies of those ones who wonder.

11-16-00 i

That which one *knows* is only the truth, as he or she perceives it. Those who would deceive depend solely upon the willingness of another to be deceived. This is the truth. Those who reject deception inherently will discourage others from deceiving

them. Although one is led into that which he needs to see, deception is everywhere. One should seek to understand it in any of its manifestations.

That which occurs in the world is often seen to flow from the substantive authority of children, who exert deeply into their spheres as adults do. Their influence can be thought of as an invisible force.

Lovers and romantics, dreamers and artists may lose sight of these vital truths. For in dreams, things tend to be magical, unreal.

Over here, in the material world, we have to work to make progress.

Those who refuse to bring newness into the world are seen by us as non-conformist, lacking devotion. Their opinions and judgments are disregarded as folly.

The time one takes to create is this time he or she communes with the Universe. The messages any one finds from within are not in the same league as physicality, prejudices, irrationality, and lies. They are simply honest, and innocent.

Lies are the temporal mutations brought about by belief in falsehood, as expressed over time thru heredity.

One might at times find themselves compensating for their

own gestures and expressions. At other times he or she might find linear comprehension from amongst these components of themselves.

Finally, any religious text may contain many sharp stings, perhaps many deaths and sacrifices. These express themselves across the eons, flowing outward into this sphere in the form of intellectual mutation.

Only by making a strict philosophical break with his or her past may one tangibly improve his or her life standing. Would one purge his or her collective darknesses, he or she might start by making intent manifest gestures into the realms of lightness, and compassion... directly

away from such darkness.

One needs a vision, an inner source, or guide, and a willingness to make changes in his or her own self. This is having an 'inner critic.' This gets you straight. Gets you in line with life as a whole, with those who quickly take care to align themselves with the winning side.

11-17-00 i

Once a person passes thru certain stages of adulthood, they will have already enriched themselves in habit and lifestyle. There may then be no turning back.

The old possess a keen

understanding of the young (in their own minds, anyway.) The main characteristics, in my opinion, of the godly life, are the substantive manifestations of *order* in all you do.

Such things as neatness, cleanliness, mindfulness of others, and grace are it's substance. These enable anyone to live effeciently, and with impact.

Honestly, one needs to possess a sense of personal responsibility unto themselves. Self love is requisite. With honest depth of this, one may begin offering freely of themselves, and win deep, long lasting benefit.

It could be said that an essential

element for beginning a journey is the condition of youthfulness, with its wonder and excitement, its newness.

There are those ones who possess physical energy. These create and build this material realm. They are active people, who have a strong sense of cause and effect.

Those who are not driven may feel somewhat left out, or intimidated by the vastness of man's creations, especially considering that they themselves accomplish little to sustain their deep concerns, their better sides.

(The result of this may be a deep prejudiced attitude against that which one does not understand, those of

younger dimension, who pretend to knowledge of timely matters thought by some to be the sole domain of the old.)

Would any one change his or her caste, or apparent karma, he should be prepared to make deep substantive readjustments, and thus purge his or her interior relationships of deformity.

11-17-00 ii

That which separates the good from the bad is the simple choices in the uses of ones skills. Perhaps, the best models can be found in the many material endeavors of the well-versed architects of society... in their permutations.

Time, the Universe and heredity, the aliens and nature spirits which enliven and exhilarate all of mankind are present everywhere. No one has particular need of being lonely.

There are those people who do possess sacrifice about themselves. These are the energies which may easily transgress upon the weak, while ignoring all rationality, all common sense.

These may exercise their spaces to devastate the innocent mind, to ravish the gentler spirits-- thru the walls, crossing borders, cultivating misdeed, seeking weakness, immaturity. (These, too, are seen as just rewards

for past perpetration. Twisted and shallow, these are immature manifestations of the lust for the hunt, for the kill, everymans versions of personal justice.)

Although these are inherently misguided, they may be seen (in self deception) as being a worthwhile component of 'life.' I have found, personally, that these, in fact, usually flow from a less evolved life ecology than that that is possessed by those they seek to accuse. The end result of such black flowers is often purly evil. Wholly without justification, these suicides form statistics on lengthy lists, somewhere distant, elsewhere, forgotten.

Perhaps such perpetrators could be closely compared with werewolves, those who may transform into ravenous beasts to satisfy base desires of 'blood lust.' Styling themselves servants of god, they are specialists in these bloody veins.

These individuals dictate that the innocent somehow rise above this cruel wickedness, which the wise know is just a subtle component essence of 'the time.' To be human is to err. However, the wise ones advance not into these lands, but adhere strictly to gentleness and compassion, while just ignoring the component shadows.

11-18-00 i

One may perceive cause and effect everywhere. Thru this, one may deduce outcomes. Probabilities, and liklihoods.

But perhaps 'future' is highly fluid, particularly as one looks further out. Like a seive, which in sifting downward becomes more articulated, or certain.

Present realities super-react forwards into time, while new beingness surges downwards from out of that same flow.

Though the past may be immutable, future times are born of flexive present depths, current

realities, ever-fluid and resourceful thought. One may channel future realities into fruition.

The mindful child uses his or her own free will to experience the depths of his or her own predictive capabilities. Thru this way, he or she will be granted a certain authority, which will go along with him wherever he goes.

But I still wonder. Can anyone's simple physical fantasies be made manifest? May any one come to deep comprehension of the respective feminine impetus, and thereby arrive at a condition of artfulness?

Or, shall all men just go forward

dumbly, constrained by the complexities of living? Such simple experiences as profound coupling may easily last a lifetime.

In wondering, let the dreamers themselves exercise authority, and self responsibility within their own respective journeys.

11-19-00 i

The first thing, or perhaps, the last thing one notices upon returning to familiar territory is that his or her present standing is now tempered by the weight of those many fateful journeys.

The mindful child uses his or her

own free will to experience the depths of his or her own capabilities. Thru this way, he or she will be granted a certain authority, which will go along with him wherever he goes.

Not much more may be said on this subject, for understanding has already been percolated.

But I still wonder. Can anyones simple physical fantasies be made manifest? May any one come to deep comprehension of the respective feminine impetus, and thereby arrive at a condition of artfulness?

Or, shall all men just go forward dumbly, constrained by the complexities of living? Such simple

experiences as profound coupling may easily last a lifetime.

In wondering, let the dreamers themselves exercise authority, and self responsibility within their own respective journeys.

11-19-00 ii

People find, over time, that life itself will crowd them out of existence, that is if they neglect to grow, to expand themselves in time and space thru material endeavor.

While of a certainty, there are those times for reflection, and consideration, for review, one wants always to keep alive the energies of

creation.

The Universe itself does not really pay heed to those who remain in one place for too long at a stretch. One wants, really, to always possess a certain quality of wonder about themselves, this which allows them entry into endeavor.

To always remain behind, or to merely watch is to begin collecting stale karma about ones self.

Within the very spirit of dance lies life itself. Dance can be that which provides you with the best benefit.

Benefit may be for the immediate present, or have longer lasting

qualities.

Thru creation, anyone may benefit his or her own account.

To travel without trying to be productive is finally to be overwhelmed by life itself.

Looking into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, one may exponate his or her understanding, and go forth in suppleness, and grace.

One really has no need for going forward blindly, but should make contact with his or her Universe.

11-20-00 i

One may find one's self wondering, on some level, from where they themselves ultimately draw inspiration. Here I just proclaim to myself that although there can be no 'aliens' among we humans in the daylight hours, they themselves may enter into all manner of human spheres in the dusky hours.

That said, I now state this which you have heard already. In order to learn, one must in fact have free memory space in his or her brain. This is an ever-present reminder for all thoughtful journeyers thru life.

To look back is to slow down, to falter. One wants mostly to continue forward. Let one use his or her

retirement years, some time distant and removed, for that purpose... of a certainty, the present is for advancement. We all know this. Yet few and far between are those ones which perform the actions of the mind which might liberate the greater whole from the constraints of illusion.

If any one wonders from where I may be coming, let me just try to say, here, that all things desired can in fact be accomplished, in due time. For the child of the present, who lives, while struggling to comprehend, certain angel figures are required. Would any one lend themselves to this timely positioning, he or she should adhere strictly unto the truth, while deviating not into deception.

There have been those who have clung tirelessly unto deception, in the dispersion of their knowledges. I myself do not intend to go along these veins. For although knowledge is itself good, it's expansion shouldn't come replete with additional suffering, or the book will quickly be put down. Books cannot really transform. God, the great, alone may over time bring the child into his required standing.

As anyone might know, there is little joy to be found in dealing in darkness. Perhaps, it could be said that one's suffering is partly reminiscent of such darkness. Therefore, the clever ones seek

movement far away from that, into light, and bliss.

Perhaps there are those who are challenged by the overbearance of the masculine. However, the same is inherently outmoded by the subtle revolutions of the feminine.

We all partake of this collective joy, in time.

11-20-00 ii

Looking only unto the knowledges he or she possesses of writing, the way it flows, and may alter greater spheres, I but ask any one to exercise this God-given ability for the better, disregarding not the subtle

inspirations which filter inward from without.

Having much, one wants but to put this into work. Perhaps, in a real sense, the more current outlet, the greater the view, the better. One wants his or her work to exist for a substantial purpose. Perhaps, one will be somewhat cloistered within mediocrity so long as he or she labours in the shadows, with little material benefit.

Of course, one is joyful, and mindful of his or her responsibilities, in awakening into his respective standing. Yet, let no one speak thoughtlessly of others, those who follow chosen paths thru to each

conclusion.

Look. Finding happiness in life is a simple thing, really, amongst we who are friendly, and mindful of others. Hoping for accomplishment can be a great heartache, especially as more and more injuries become forgiven, heaped up again, forgiven.

We children who want only to be left alone surely don't intend for damages to be weilded, in the defence of self-interest. Yet the foolhardy, the prideful carry on in obsolescence, as life swirls all about. Looking into his or her own futures, anyone may find compensation. Only those gestures which find accomplishment, yeilding fullfillment, satisfaction, may in fact

be worthwhile.

Further, as anyone knows, right-mindfulness is not solely referential to adequate renditions of justice, but swell most visibly within the positive willingness to give one's depth of self, of character, and all of her benefits.

Any friend who has cleaned up behind herself may find bliss in giving out unto that one she has hurt, and thus cleansing her hidden character.

11-20-00 iii

These things possess a soul. These are glimpses of efficiency, self knowledge, playfulness, and

sexuality, expressed in free-form...
improvisationally.

As compact units of thought, such expressions might be thought of as 'quanta' of light, packets of energy in space... thought jazz.

We who flow thru these spaces, as enlivened beings of love, and hope, surely announce life, continually attracting in kind through our strangeness, depth, and mystery... our charms, and magic.

And look, now, at what every life possesses! Hidden in the deeps, rising forth as summoned, binding hearts solidly, challenging the emptyness of the void.

New life, fulfillment thru dreams, and every comprehension, all that is known... these form the spirits of mankind. Limitless as that from which we ourselves are formed, the kindred visions of men and women directly challenge the unknown, while spinning out mysterious complexities.

'Everyman' possesses the inherent tools for this re-interpretation. Thru the following of dreams, anyone may dispell his or her collective longings.

Somehow... within purest bliss, a doorway is formed, a potential life, thru which ancestral subtext in time might blend... blossoming out into a physical being. All those of Earth

honor this universal format for the creation of life.

Somewhere far below, way down there, on the deepest, most removed place in this material sphere, there dwells also a hidden realm. Countless etherial forms forever articulate themselves out beyond and throughout this interior threshold, this field, or ground.

As individuality expresses itself out amongst 'dance,' group consciousness may take hold, and any and all concepts may find their own relationships... their own possibilities and openings... as willpower and mindset channel doorways and songs into existence.

11-20-00 iv

Somewhere, a new life is thought up in the midst of sexual passion. In my opinion, anyway, one of three things take place. Angels... aliens... or perhaps temporal archetypes find ways to express themselves into this material sphere. Somehow... within purest bliss, a doorway is formed, a potential life, thru which ancestral subtext might blend... blossoming out into a physical being. All those of Earth honor this universal format for the creation of life.

Somewhere far below, way down there, on the deepest, most removed place in this material sphere, dwells a

hidden realm. Countless etherial forms forever articulate themselves out beyond and throughout this inner threshold, this entryway.

To my understanding, this is a fluid realm of free association, endless temporal communion. Here, vast concepts flow freely, rapidly amongst endless textured landscapes, where 'time' itself is the authority, 'when' being the doorway to 'what.'

As individuality expresses itself amongst 'dance,' and group consciousness, any and all concepts may find their own problems solved... their own possibilities and openings... as willpower and mindset channel doorways and songs into existence.

11-20-00 v

These magic ones which we perceive around us rightly are but vessels. They may be perceived accurately throughout their chosen portrayals. Thru these images and meanings we, as they, will demonstrate our own pure, personal interpretations of divinity, desire, that which the one of small experience may simply call 'artfulness.' These gifts of touch, and tenderness interact beyond appearances.

That which you perceive thru curtains of haze must first be seen as temporal, mortal existences which in time will find their own individual

resolutions. From this practical beginning, we may glimpse a certain depth and reach of classic motifs.

Contrast becomes inherent within the minds and actions of adults. Therefore, we, too express that which might at times be painful, or challenging, even.

The child may fear that he or she is tossed flippantly amongst these worlds. Yet, let him or her know that while external realities are important, one's own actions become somewhat relevant to future outcomes.

What I mean is that perhaps the stating of your own feelings isn't always enough. The child must

contact a deeper expression of an adult sensibility in attempting to sway the formidable intellects continually looking on.

Gentleness, and mindfulness are requisite for the apprehension of our deeper natures. In all of Earth, those who merely dwell amongst ritualized contentment yet may locate a certain richness, and complexity within the being-ness of their own personalized order.

While having experienced life, we may yet allow for *adaquate* youthful expression. That is to say, describing most often but the most intangible of desires, 'we' draw upon extensive recollections of journeys,

establishments, distinctions,
celebrations, discoveries, knowledges,
all the while fathoming greater depths
still unfolding, from out of youth, and
nearness.

Of these years which *you* have
stated, different interpretations are
possible. With gentleness, and
openness, in time you yourself may
find your *own* benefit. Painting,
writing, music, distinctions... all may
yet access this 'clever' reality.

And, here, when dreamt
carefully, are those themes... those
which thru youth, and vitality may
also drive this Universe into twin
halves, it's poetic sensibilities, and
inherent feminine sensualities;

drawing only from those *willing*, while freely questioning the myths of the establishment.

Seeing how the best we all can accomplish is crafted simply thru the forgiving of this organic, natural flowing outward into the material realm, then *simply*, my whole mind is led back in time, much closer to those old, old days, from which, I've heard, greatness has often emerged.

Those primal endeavors of ancient men and women, pictographs... monuments, and wonders... these certainly form the defining images of the spirit of Earth.

What will be said of us, I wonder?

While ancient accomplishments were truly formed of abstract, gigantic intervening impetus, and influence, it could be said that *we ourselves* are forming this present reality, out of our own distances, and subliminal connections with empty space.

Who put the men on the moon in the year of 1969? Surely this could be seen as the defining accomplishment of the 20th century. Who, in fact are we, and how far do our own intersections reach?

Of my own practical reasoning, I personally find that 'aliens' may be real, dream, or both... somehow *super-real*. Perhaps, these may in time walk amongst human paths, here

in the spaces of this 'Eden.' But for the current present... physical encounters may simply be limited to the nighttime hours.

Nature spirits disperse knowledge.

We, who are fearfully fragile... our benefits lie mostly in the *allowance* and *admission* of those ones who might freely intersect multiple dimensions.

Perhaps the 'time' itself has it's own 'gods...' somehow, 'Others...' from beyond, who can 'think' matter, and your own deep memories, as well as 'time' itself... they can somehow 'think' *anything*.

Forming vast dreams for your own benefit, or experience, these may, by their own inherent benefits control the elements.

In materializing, disappearing, passing thru walls, manifesting all manner of signs and wonders, these can exert deep psychological resonances thru the simplest expressions of their vocabularies.

11-21-00 i

Choosing a path to follow can at times be rather difficult.

I remind myself herein the ways that physical beauty, with it's hints of perfection and self love, can be seen

as one of the prime, primal, private motivating factors which drive creation.

That which sails far beyond procreation can be seen as this 'mysterious feminine,' that which can rejuvenate those which lie 'dead' into new spheres of activity.

Perhaps by simply being aware of one's authority over others he or she might also, in time, acquire a deep sense of responsibility, that which is parcelled out according to one's own free will, and which may generally be irrespective of distractions of the 'romantic,' as the child might be aware of it.

This of which I talk is something that can be compared to the simplest utilitarian schemes of the fields of 'blue' literature... that which evokes the sexual response, naturally, leading simply to new vitality.

Thru the manifesting of this apparition, one might perceive a sort of a doorway, into creative inspiration, thru which vital energies might also be channeled.

Perhaps this singular duality, within the twin halves of sexual attraction, form the 'spirit' so to speak, of civilization, and industry.

This is a dynamic, with awesome beauty and power, which also has a

life of it's own. It tends to want, finally, to find expression out into a new life.

Irresponsible collaborations can lead to mutated flowers, those things which also can hinder, or impede the mindful ones in their passages thru life.

Responsible adults basically should be concerned always that the spirit of 'playfulness' does not distract from the stability of the known items, and the well established families with children, who have complex dynamics within their own boundaries.

11-22-00 i

Perhaps, by the reaching deep within one's own self-ness, there may be found expressions of genuine benefit. Is this not true?

The child should, of a course, just know that he or she will traverse many rocky landscapes on the trail of 'enlightenment.'

Far and above that which he or she will be aware of in the present, this will be the terrain within which he will learn the ways of love, hate, mind, heart, loneliness, honesty, authority, bliss, society, accomplishment, peace... all these forms.

This which the modern world will

ask of you will be that you be 'real.' You, too, may possess an artistic voice, thru which classic motifs might be portrayed.

The child wants to come into an understanding of those around him or her, and in time, begin to understand his own being.

Many, many complex meanings, and understandings have to be aquired along the way. You must familiarize yourself with the ways of life. To suppose that this will be a simple 'thing' is to be mistaken.

The only real teacher is 'time.' He can lend 'experience;' ...thru such a gift, anyone can familiarize himself or

herself with reality.

11-22-00 ii

Going forward into all of life, the swift one travels far. Looking not unto the past for re-imbusement, save his or her own right-minded accomplishments, he or she might, in time, find that he does offer genuine benefits.

There are really two possibilities which may come to be. The first one is that much will be accomplished. The second is that little will be accomplished.

These darkneses which seem to drive our inherent creativity have,

really to be embraced on some level. Perhaps by coming to acquire some of their deep challenging sophistication, anyone might in time level his or her collective un-evenness.

One may sense that his own life is somewhat challenged by *life itself*.

However, all along, he indeed shows that he possesses the perseverance to both bite back against those who might vex him, and navigate the subtle darknesses which would enter.

This one also finds that his life carries a hefty crew of naysayers about itself always. Resulting from their projected darknesses, he

continually speaks of the truth, so as to help others who might find similar flows around themselves.

He or she comes to be a proclaimer, of sorts, speaking directly against injustice, for in fact this is what he perceives in the actions of those around.

His is a gift, to be sure. Would his words be published, and viewed by those in need of assistance, genuine connections could be established with minds the world over.

11-22-00 iii

Perhaps, by simply gravitating into those areas within which you find

interest, great change can in fact be effected.

The subtlest truth is that words are not strong enough to change anyone. Change has to come from within. When it is time, you yourself may come to perceive your own truth.

If you have ever wondered how one such as yourself can be reduced to crying by the simple free will of others, then I am here to tell you, that when the time is right, you yourself may easily sort out your mysteries.

The only ones, finally, who fail are those who refuse to bring newness into the world from within themselves. *They, for all intents and*

purposes, are lost.

This, finally is the only knowledge you yourself really need. Thru the allowing of those subtle expressions from within, by way of such paths as writing, music, or art of any kind... one may find a discipline that may bring him or her to eventual understanding, and can actually open up his or her own ancestral treasure trove.

For myself, anyway there but had to arrive the right moment, when the subtle lights did come on. There is a possibility that your own quiet key will manifest during a time of tribulation, when it will be called forth from you by necessity.

But remember, here. Without a vital, active spirit of creativity, and newness in your life, you will be weak, vulnerable.

Your counterparts will be tempered by a lifetime of wholeness. You will be helpless without a real spirit dance, of your own making.

Over-arching awarenesses tend to collect about the weak ones, and without warning, one may find his or her self confounded by unusual manifestations emanating from all the people living around him.

For the one of small understanding, a real artistic spirit

dance of creativity is a necessity.

This also will support the young one accross spaces of time, in which he or she will need something to occupy himself with.

Meanwhile, he can easily change his or her place in society. The individual artist may, thru his or her art, transform his subtle perceptions continually at play within the whole, and simultaneously revolutionize his whole self-concept.

What is more, it will not be necessary to show your creations to but a few family members or friends for such transformations to take place.

The end result of such a process will be that the individual will have mastered his or her craft, as well as the subtle skills involved in shaping other's perceptions thru art.

Concurrently, and resulting from all this, he or she will have learned how to journey deep within by projecting his or her creative psyche outward. In negotiating these areas, one will be called out by the spirit. Thru his or her tribulation, valuable keys might also be located.

11-23-00 i

Each man learns his or her own personal mythology, this thru which he or she expresses himself into the

greater whole.

Perhaps, by the subtle aspects he exhibits, thru his or her chosen statements, he or she will lend definition, direction, unto his own visage.

Thru this, one accesses many classic masks, and symbols, these which solidify him in the eyes of others.

These collective portrayals are his or her tools, used in the channelling of chosen energies into one's life.

For the young, I think, the themes of this presence may revolve around future procreation. Journeying further

out into life one may dance other dances, wear different masks.

Thru the simple identification and awareness of what one's own self is saying, conscious alterations may be made within the deep, slow morph of one's life.

11-23-00 ii

Would any one enter forthrightly into the flow of his or her life, and it's inherent creativity, then he or she might perhaps just access the nature of sex.

This is a deep, powerful spirit which has direct authority over many spheres of existence.

One can easily draw those of the opposite sex, while simultaneously accessing their deep bounty of collective wisdoms.

Perhaps, it could easily be stated that wherever people live, relax, and work together, there, too, is always the spirit of the erotic.

As women are drawn in a deep way to the spirit of the masculine, so the female body possesses innumerable charms over men.

Physical beauty, and shapeliness can be seen as highly tantalizing to those of the opposite sex. This is the sensual side of life, as I have found it

to be.

But, in order for anyone to make themselves deeply appealing, as a human being, co-worker, child, mother, father...lover, friend... one finally, must simply portray themselves in an innocent, *imperfect* way.

One has to allow a certain amount of imperfection to enter into his or her collective visage, his image, otherwise others will finally come to despise him or her, and he will find himself mistreated.

A person has to access this innocent spirit, otherwise he or she will continually intimidate everyone

around him or her.

Simply by the relaxing of your personal strictures, the humanizing of your personality, you may easily win over many, many friends and accomplices.

Adults somehow discover that in order to really get along in this material world, they all have to simply give of themselves unto the deeper sensibilities of others.

As the adult which I am, I have found that for a person....or a character, or persona, or artistic statement, or song... whatever, to affect me deeply, so that I want to go back time and again, it has simply to

show that it's not afraid to be imperfect.

Finally, as an artist, and human being, I have found that while perfection is easy, imperfection is really what's difficult.

11-23-00 iii

What does it mean to perceive a thing? This has absolutely nothing to do with what the individual can himself do, as far as I can tell. I know that I myself can't tell up from down half the time.

However the thing, or things which make me perceptive are not dead, at all. These express eternal life.

Period. They have always been, always will be. Everyman possesses somewhere within his or her collective heredity the powers of 'perception.'

It's highly simple. Like yourself, it is keenly aware of God. Simple. However, that which makes it different, is that it has been alive forever. It has seen it all. Has acquired the right knowledges to dwell, most effectively, and efficiently. It is meant to last. You, for all your individuality, cannot see beyond the present. My collective reaches into other dimensions, and looks around there.

Perhaps, by simply stating your

own opinions, little can really be accomplished. Man and woman have got to access deep heredity, and acquire knowledges which reach beyond their present existence. This must be known to be possible to anyone, from the simplest to the most complex.

This present on this planet is exploding with new technology. This is the direct result of inter-cosmic spaces exerting into mans sphere. You have satellites, you have cellular phones, you have manifestations of infinite possibility within the media... you have a vast tangible proven interconnecting web. You know the nature of reality, thanks to physics, the final threshold separating the

dimensions is continually crossed by thought-shapers throughout the world.

11-24-00 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may expound his understanding, and arrive at his or her required standing.

The essence to art, and free expression, as allowed or channelled throughout any kind of 'peoples' art, or 'folk' expression, is that within these similar spheres, what is given of the artist, the craftsman, is not necessarily that he or she be technically proficient, or 'classically trained,' at all.

The folk artist simply dances within the same 'basic' realm as any other artist who has ever lived. This is the primal ground of being, that which connects all life, and matter.

By putting together any kind of personal expression, and placing it, so to speak, within a 'frame,' or upon a pedestal, that particular inanimate object then becomes charged with energies, and thus assumes a voice, and *speaks*. He has then formed 'art.'

The folk artist, while drawing directly from his or her own heredity, forms expressions more or less free from cultural glaze, or embellishment, while yet expressing himself directly out into humanity as a whole.

He or she thus simply partakes from a tradition which stretches back into the dawn of mankind.

He reveals this 'reactive' creation to but a few individuals, yet it somehow grafts itself within the greater whole. Art can be your 'access panel' into the 'underworld.'

Somehow, the transpersonal voyager deftly accesses the deep slow morph of the Universe, while yet remaining within the spheres of the living.

Would any artist go forward in life, he or she might set his sights on accessing the material sphere, with it's

concurrent deformity, it's twists and turns, ect... or just be content to dwell within the *collective psyche* of mankind, as a being of free will, and expression.

One may draw his earthly benefits wholly from his or her transformative abilities within *the unseen* realm, while really being ambivalent about any documented success.

Thru an adequate perception of the depth of his or her reality, the moment, one comes to understand that with such a firm foundation, he or she may find that his material standing will improve. Benefits may then flow in to his life, magic may be accomplished easier, and bad things

will happen less often.

The trick to understanding this comes when you see how everything is closely bound up together, into one ever-connected, inter-evolving whole, where all space is unified.

11-25-00 ii

The substantive manifestations of one's own decisions may both benefit or detriment the lives of men or women around him or her, depending directly on concurrent outcomes and consequences.

In my mind, anyway, the principal guiding authority for making decisions most often is context. This

is shown time and time again. During 'times' of light, then light also is born, or given, and re-born. During darker hours, one finds darker manifestations emerging. Context is everything. Innocence, honesty evokes the lowering of defences. I myself generally go with the prevailing temporal context of the moment in making decisions.

To obscenely contrast tenderness with cruelty is surely to be seen as cause for significant doubt. Everyone has their own pain, which they must carry around within themselves.

Chaos is born into the world as individuals, egos, and prideful men and women try to sort thru

manifestations of imbalance perceived from out of the minds of others.

One should attempty to convey the depth of the moment within all he or she does.

Anyone makes decisions based on many facets of their own perception of the now.

Be mindful of how radical shifts in one's stated point of view will also affect others. Anyone may observe how change can be both a friend and a foe. Certainly those who neglect their own beingness while impinging on others, contextually, cannot possibly, by any rational stretch expect any particular kindness from those they

affected.

It could be said, then, that one making such actions affecting another simply must accept whatever reactions and consequences may form, for the original causal factors is chaffe, unwanted.

To particularize about the actions that you yourself have caused, or have led to, is to show a deep twist of irrationality. Anyone who accepts such a position is literally inviting heartache.

There are those who cling stridently to prejudice and stigma in making decisions. These may be observed to consistently ignore

rational intellect. One logically concludes that these individuals are possessed of deep longing for that which they cannot possess. These subsume their actions under the guise of tradition, religion, or habit, and justify them according to these guides.

I call such things stigma, and prejudice.

11-25-00 iii

The problem with being real in a world of artifice and illusion, is that before long, you will begin to find that you have evoked the 'worship' reaction in those around you.

The vast bulk of commoners which make up society tend not to be intellectually creative. This for them may be limited to the spheres of childbirth, and family.

More likely than not, most people really never take the time to bring intellectual newness into the world.

What is more, these individuals really don't have what it takes to think, in a bold, or new way.

These are people who have been raised in normal schools for perhaps the entirety of their lives. Therefore, they do not really see things for the majesty and wonder that they are.

My background taught me to take the 'classical inner journey' and gradually discover the wonders of life.

It is partly for the knowledges that I freely express, thru creativity, and music, my substantial worldly skills and abilities, that the ones with small insight, whom I find around me, seem frequently to drift into this 'hero-worship' mode.

This wouldn't be so bad, except for the ways that this reaction tends to bring out peoples contrary natures, that which tends to cross over onto me as if it has a will of it's own.

Perhaps, this is a kind of sexual

longing for what people perceive to be a form of beauty, that which they cannot themselves possess. I don't know, and I really don't care.

One such as myself seeks like-minded individuals. However, more often than not, the ones I attract are the ones with the most average of possible constitution, those who find an irresistible strangeness and mystery within that which they do not understand.

Although I am full of knowledge of those paths which need to be taken by anyone who wants to improve his or her present condition, and although I always talk openly of these things, those people which I seem to find

around me seem intent on clinging to fruitless endeavor, and religion.

11-26-00 i

Perhaps, somewhere along the journey of life, the experienced child will come to see that anyone, and/or everyone may occasionally have the experience of being at the center of a temporal nexus.

This is like being at the hub of a wheel. It can be an intense place, where those around tend to lean toward 'collective logic,' that which replaces the rational with overblown emotions, or extreme coldness.

This is really a basic level of

dwelling, experienced within all cultures and religions, schools of thought, philosophies, any intellectual world.

One morning, the sophisticated child will awaken, and simply find that those around are deeply facinated, or worried, or perplexed, or preoccupied in some way with him or her.

And what is the nature of this centering?

It is highly simple, once you see it for what it is.

Yes, even here in the modern world, the ancient themes of myth,

and archetype play out everywhere, everyday.

Adults often enter this realm, then simply acknowledge the phenomenon, and move on.

For the innocent child, who is deeply unwise to the ways of the world, it can be confusing, or even damning.

This can be a heavy dose of reality, an intense slice of life.

This is equivalent to the many varied extremes, the hard contrasts and conflicts of life itself... focusing inward upon the weak, the vulnerable, the one which may be defenseless.

After all, life itself is a cruel thing, and no one is immune from the haunting spectre of death. All those who dwell beneath the sky must in time carve out their own unique relationship with the heavens.

Society, in its collective wisdoms, tells us that such centering, when it emerges, can be seen a signal to the majority, alerting them to the one who is in a period of growth, change, transformation, heightened perceptions, danger, or fear.

One but hopes that times of tribulation or darkness will not defeat those of younger dimension, but will call forth from them a more mature

*understanding, coping mechanisms,
which may allow them a sense of
completion, and renewal.*

11-27-00 i

Thru the complexity of living,
hearts sometimes join, and although
shared moments live only in memory,
what is the future if not a brilliant
promise?

*These things which we do, surely
lend themselves to the timely
positioning of the well-defined.*

This which has been described
within the spheres of closeness, and
togetherness, and in the oceanic
semblances of the human 'fantasy

encounter,' can be seen as component nature of such 'separate peace' as has been articulated.

Such can be so real, and tangible that it also, through it's own beingness, inspires and allows still greater depth of vision, hope, certainty, knowledge, bliss, resolution, renewal, harmony, and suppleness.

Such is life, as it may form, within it's permutations. All men and women partake of this 'separate peace.'

Within the hidden qualites of 'positioning' and 'suppleness' lies great benefit. Such is not beyond descriprtion.

Thru vision, and touch, the spirit is enlivened. Vitality, it's collective beingness, can be accessed thru shape, and physical beauty.

Gender contrast sparks new life as distances become diminished.

From within the human imagination arise, and arouse, both substance, and vision. One's substantive image in time and space dwells within landscapes given of his or her immaculate palate of visualization.

Within openness, energies can be channeled, and real occurrences, and acquisitions may actually come to be.

In time, there will be no doubt present as to the actuality of such occurrences. With genuine integrity, openness, honesty, self-knowledge, and a sure inner guidance, such flowers may easily burst forth.

*The vision of the mature woman allows for the gentle natures of men to find resolution within their own selves. What can be added, or detracted from this? This is but the highest manifest nature, the **nature** of the devine, as it may be perceived manually.*

It is a known fact that women possess twice the number of chromosomes than men. The average

man can only hope to utilize his ego and pride in the acquisition of his desires. But physicality takes one only so far.

In nurturing ones gentle natures, let him or her lean to inaction and passivness, and thus allow insight and knowledge to flow.

11-28-00 ii

One wonders... of the 'mysterious feminine,' what can be said?

Born of fire, situated within legacy and doctrine, having firmly planted roots within a known structure...

Strong of character, and

constitution...

Knowing different roads as well...

Having also a quantity of suchness,
free inter-change of liquid soul...
charms...

But, also knowing gravity of
being, and personal responsibility.

These are component essence
within the spirit of nature... of *nature*.

Knowing the organic, nature itself
tends toward inaction and
passiveness... it both answers
questions, and demands answers.

Mindful of both inner and outer

landscapes, such is beautiful.

Different times ago, it acquired it's benefit.

This one expresses no desire, and therefore stimulates the deeps.

She can evoke honest responses, and bring about action.

Even the kind adult mind brings weight to bear on the one of innocence, therefore, all concessions and allowances are made in that direction.

Knowing this, the thoughtful one travels with humility, and grace.

Going forward, in immediacy, newness, and suppleness, this one knows her own strength. She is conscious of the dimensions of her body, and the color of her soul...

Having entertained, and allowed, she is unkind to transgression.

11-28-00 ii

Having tackled one's principal demons, anyone may then exonerate his or her understanding, and arrive at his required standing.

Really, the first thing that anyone must do to be free is to return unto others precisely that emotion which they have shown you.

Anyone who wishes to work the child woe must find dark fear clouds descending all around, and then comprehend the consequences of his or her actions.

Having no fear, the child simply knows that life itself is a competitive game, where there are actual winners as well as those who find defeat.

The one of strong spirit, would he focus his anger properly, can fend off any attack that would come.

The most important thing which can be accomplished is the showing that you yourself are in fact real, and do not allow yourself to be abused for

the sake of others. For this, you have to take yourself seriously.

While these are simply things which everyone needs to know, it is really difficult to discuss such openly. Therefore, I do not suspect that this will be shown to anyone, except myself.

The child should always bear in mind that all people are inherently connected. One's neighbors can easily sense another's emotions, if they are sensitive, and often weak souls are driven into dark alleys by shadowy shapes.

Dwellers within modern spheres often will join together in semblances

of unity for the purposes of devastating the mind of a weak child.

This has been done to myself on at least four occasions, and during one of these times, I made a serious attempt to end my own life. So, then, the immature one should be highly aware of this facet of life, and that real dangers are always present in daily life.

Just because you are within the four walls of your own dwelling does not necessarily mean that you will be free from terrorism by those around.

11-28-00 iii

Would any child seek to expand

his insular knowledges to include the greatest spheres of the world, of reality, as it exists presently, he or she must really go directly down to the street, encounter pain, become one with pain, and re-emerge.

Thru this lengthy, complex path, he or she will be guided always by the divine instincts of the beyond, and the manifest hands of time.

Survival is not guaranteed. One has to hope that vital heredity stands by him or her in the hour of darkness, for great indeed will be that darkness.

The human mind knows few boundaries... experiences can include most anything. I, myself, was only

rarely led into the paths of delusion, and had always a modicum of rationality about me.

Not all children will be so blessed, however, and the low places of earth, statistics, prisons, graveyards everywhere... are full of those who were felled by contrary realities.

Everyone is a champion in their own way. Magical children formulate early plans for success in life, and always try to do the right thing.

Having a good knowledge of cause and effect is helpful. For the lengthy, painful journey, anyone wants to practice the golden rule in all conscious endeavors.

In this way, he or she will later receive recompence of spiritual benefit, and general good karma.

The nature of the adult reality, as I have experienced it, is that the rule of 'no pain, no gain' is of prime importance.

Those who work enjoy substantial benefits and rewards. The plan of taking a difficult journey in the spheres of youth and innocence likewise yeilds rewards.

The 'magical child' spoken of simply possesses the inward tendency. He cultivates special abilities, and seeks them in others.

Hidden things, secret keys, creativity... these especially form his inner language and experience. He knows the magical feminine, within himself, and derives all of his life around this 'greatest of gifts.'

Those ones who disturb the inner relationships are despised by him, for they transgress against his acquired benefit. He seeks not the external relationships of distraction, but tends only toward that which may give the greatest benefit.

To have known the inner feminine is simply to have finally lived.

To know intense pain is to treasure

greatest contentment.

11-29-00 i

I think that it could be said that material success in this world derives in part from an adequate comprehension of the dynamics of physical models. These can be seen as the manifest natures of the space-time continuum.

It could be said that those men and women who tend to do particular homage to the 'spacial,' 'intangible' realm quite often are somewhat uncertain of those spheres which could be said to be 'material,' 'real,' or 'masculine.'

People are, after all, people. They gravitate to those things which bring them the best benefit, and enable their own agendas. They tend to want to dominate those of different persuasions.

The point I am making here, to the child who has been raised in classic naievete, and innocence, is that likely, he or she will be particularly keyed in to the material realm, to the exclusion of a sense of the 'intangible.' This will be all he or she can see, after all, with his or her eyes.

Therefore, he or she should know, that when he has completed his 'secret journey,' this will be the sphere from which he will derive most of his

substantial power and authority.

When he or she has been enlightened as to the ways of those around him or her, and their overt deception, trickery, and illusions, he must know that this which they see in him is material substance, that which they may in time respect, yet feel they cannot attain.

Smart people should know that they can overcome the substantial obstacles which separate them from material endeavor, and become swift to the Universe.

But traveling forward in their alternate 'moonbeam' reality, while neglecting pain, suffering, the

difficult natures of God, they know that they will be perceived as 'pedestrian' or 'flatulent' people.

Therefore they compensate by developing intense, deadly wickedness which they wield at will on those who would try and devolve their substantial mystery. This can be challenging to the 'voyager,' the one who would but learn.

They tend to spend their energies in the spheres of family, and child-rearing. . They may not attain much material benefit. They are content with themselves, hence they do not grow outward, or give birth to intellectual newness.

Most likely, they were born into an enlightend state, and flowered outward over all of their lives into that which had been ordered of heredity.

They can be highly cold, calculating, for they do not see the same wonder and sacred majesty in all the world which the child perceives.

I say, for their sake, this which has been already said, by the poet Lao Tzu... "The world is a sacred vessel, which must not be tampered with, or grabbed after."

12-1-00 i

Within the spheres of 'spirit dance,'

the adult will access collective knowledges, and exercise god-given authority in the form of his or her chosen statements.

Time itself is a precious ingredient of any human existence, and the wise one avoids tossing it away, or disregarding its finite aspects.

A crucial aspect of living lies in the interpolating of knowledges, choosing proper expressions, while not ignoring the simple boundaries of indwelling.

Smart people know that human lives are defined as being that which takes place within the distance from 'birth to death.' As no one may know

of past lives, no one may know the nature of death, or it's finite time of occurrence.

In channeling energies, and distinguishing right from wrong, substance from immateriality, and sorting out one's pains while localizing their home, the child will always be challenged by those who appear to possess providence, knowledge of death..

In understanding what I mean by 'dead,' one should look at the ways other humans seem to wield authority over him or her, and then think how empty space, this place where many souls may freely travel, is a land of 'death.'

The ever-present spectre which laces all of empty space is wicked morbidity, and even the gentlest of souls become darkened there.

One wonders at human conflict, at injustice? Knowing, now, how men step freely into nirvana, while yet alive, children beware!

The gentle revolutions of the East have brought philosophical shifts whithin the whole of the West.

While we have embraced death, and sex, we yet ignore our greatest human youths.

Genuine substantive intellect has

become the enemy, while stupidity and vacuousness, the natures of the shallow air-head, seem to typify the bulk of this place.

Culture seems as fickle and ungrounded as can be.

While most men are merely content to observe, it appears that the substantive intellect required to actually nurture the spirit of creativity... amongst the common man, anyway, is discarded as unwanted.

This is the gulf which separates commoners from technologists.

Western culture was born within

the industrial revolution in England, and America.

Exterme acquisitions of substantive skills, techniques, tools, better tools, still higher technology, born of femenine dances, and freely given enlightenment of the soul, these are entertained and allowed mainly thru the spirit of dance.

Each advancement in industry, or technology is a concrete accomplishment, which the future builds upon. One must be grounded in the past to advance into the future.

Aliens will not really walk among men, and finally, this is not necessariily the origin of the bulk of

these substantive achievements we see around us.

Primal, ancestral nature spirits, these which some men possess within, these are the emissaries, the dispersers of technological gifts.

While I myself have learned knowledges within the areas of artistic expression, and poetry, self knowledge was requisite all along.

The most serious problem I perceive in this culture is that commoners have a keen sense of the vast gulf which separates them, forever, it seems, from the creators, and builders of their cherished instruments and tools.

This is not intended to be the 'triumph of the ruling class.' It must be known, on a grass-roots level, that pain must be experienced for gain to be attained.

Anyone may acquire benefits of spirit which may allow for higher knowledges to flow, and freely enter the material sphere.

This fear that is observed, fear of the origins of technology, is simply bad alienation.

Unless the average joe begins to grow, from within his own self, and expand his intellect, his collective visage, thru material endeavor, given

of the 'creative spirits,' this perceived 'gulf' will just widen, and widen.

The 'sacred 1960's' were a welcoming of nature, the gentler spirits, the feminine essences, to enter mankind's collective existence.

One wonders from where computers have flown?

This is the interactive awareness of the hippies, born of 'kool,' of 'beat,' who put women in high places.

Women possess voices, all people should listen and learn.

12-4-00 i

Whatever could be the essence of this which is portrayed, danced about?

Of a surety, only the richest amongst us may in fact openly challenge the unknown. These are the ones who possess great benefits, that which flows over their own boundaries, while shedding lights on those around.

If you are unsure, you should stop. However, the writers art is really a game of faith. By simply jumping from his stable perch, the young bird also finds that he or she can fly.

Few and far between are those instances when no results are obtained.

This which I wonder, of which you may have heard, is relevant to that which I write about.

These are the soul of my essence, the deep tangible connectivity with empty space. Herein lies great benefit... substance. Perhaps, no single child of heaven may ever express anything but the prime essence of the moment, as he or she perceives it.

However, this yet allows for much individuality. Perhaps, one should write very often, or paint a lot, or play much music, for this clues him or her in to the character of his soul.

He will then know when he has strayed. He, in a sense, will be fully aware of his own sphere.... it's dimensions.

Thru the knowing of one's own self, one may in time give unto another. Many find difficulty in freely giving of themselves simply because they have not deeply experienced their own selves, learned their own songs.

Men and women directly challenge the unknown, throughout the spheres of dance, and it's shedding of light.

Situated firmly within spacial parameters, one finds that his

naysayers yet will seek to encroach. He or she needn't fear, if his spirit dance is vital and active. Perhaps it is those who dwell within ritual sanctity who will actually find doubt.

The active child should know that his spirit is ever fluid... changing... transforming realities at will, altering greater spheres.

These semblances are not in the same league as irrationality, lies, prejudice, or brutality. They simply flow from within, and are innocent, therefore, natural.

To have full control over one's expressions is to be able to be an experimental artist. All men possess

the inherent benefits which may in time allow them such flowers of self-expression.

In order for one to gain, he or she must first feel pain. He must treat others as he would like them to treat him. He should never lapse into that which is clearly thought to be wrong.

He should know that the only gestures which will carry weight and import will be those done in a gentle spirit of love, born of self respect and contentment.

12-6-00 i

And what if the sacred bird were to fly? Just what would come to be if

the well of inspiration ran dry?

Doubts such as these may bother the creative one who has just finished a large project.

I guess, really, there can be no 'finishing' of the project that is 'creativity.' This one tends to build on itself, going further and further outward.

Following a large completion, just rest! There can be no harm done if mindfulness is maintained. You will begin again as the time becomes apparent.

Recent past accomplishments will have a flourishing spirit within

temporal parameters. Therefore, new efforts may seem small, and insignificant.

The problem with knowledge is that it tends to project itself outward, making others appear more wise, or enlightened than they may be. This is particularly problematic with children.

Children possess keen empathic senses, emotive sensitivity. Yet they lack the names and numbers to describe that which they see. Therefore, one has to assume that they are not very conscious of that beauty which they possess.

Try and be their voice. Articulate

that which they already possess. Thru this way one may win their respect.

Children but await enlightenment. They may think that everybody else is like themselves. Their worlds are highly simple.

12-8-00 i

While anyone and everyone may have occasion to be at the center of a temporal nexus, the apparent reality of life can be one of strictest competition, where there are actual winners as well as those who find defeat.

Upon awakening to one's own particular 'subtle lights,' let the wise

one's know that while inner vision is a great gift, any normal morning may necessarily indicate the performing of ordinary tasks, the quiet endeavors which one has become familiar with.

While there are really no 'permanant gifts,' any smart person knows that every single day people have to work in order to find result, benefit, and impact.

To ask for some kind of 'total enshrinement' within etherial vision is simply to ask too much. Look back instead into discipline, task management, knowledge acquisition, improvisation, documentation, enscribing, copying, distributing of material endeavor.

As you know, you have arrived at your present standing by much hard work, and perseverance. While your present world is easier, more enlightened, one still is grounded in his or her own discipline, his 'mission.'

Perhaps, now, your most important benefit lies in having others around you. While sometimes conflict flares up, it should be known that without the presence of those around then the dreamer would have no impetus to dream, to create.

This should be the most sacred of knowledges for you.

12-11-00

In freely questioning the myths of the establishment, may one be led only by the subtlest of perceptual acuity.

The 'highly practiced' are known as 'masters of illusion.' These do not give their secrets freely.

The gentle nature spirits are really emissaries of light. These can elevate the young one to an enlightened perspective in a fairly short length of time.

It is not really known for sure from where they came...

But it must be known that the child who wonders, while making intent manifest gestures into certain areas of 'popular culture' can over time effect a 'teacher' or 'guide' into his or her life.

A good starting point for the child who would acquire his or her benefit might be the 1960's.

The airwaves, and the dances of the youth culture.... all of the arts, including literature, and music, rock and folk... poetry, philosophies based on consciousness expansion... any genuine expression of the 'divine feminine dances,' the natural, the organic... most anything relative to 'green,' all tend to point the child within.

Simply by delving into these areas, the child will formulate an early legacy for himself or herself. Word will go out that this is one who may seek the 'nature goddess...' and in time, transformation may be effected.

This will not be that which you are expecting.

Over time, anyone can come to see how that which you cannot see can in fact be far more substantive than anything seen, or known.

But it must be known that the prime aim for the youthful child must be to open the right doors, and emanate the right signals.

The 60's were *all about* the ascension of a new generation, and the re-emergence into popular culture of the 'feminine.'

This could be seen as a kind of counterweight for the masculine-oriented spirit of the previous decades, a kind of softening, a renaissance, a flowering, a more profound nurturing.

This, also, could be seen as setting the stage for a great societal re-birth.

It's well known that the best enchantments and knowledges are enabled, and facilitated by the gentle spirits of 'everyman.'

Any scientist or researcher, technologist or engineer will tell you how the 'night of man's intense endeavor' will always be long, and the solution, the key, the answer usually comes 'from above,' often without any conscious control.

Free-wheeling intellects have intense access to 'God' or 'the Universe.' It is for this reason that keys seem to 'pop into your mind from nowhere.'

In learning the 'spirit,' so to speak, of that which cannot be seen, the intangible, anyone can re-order his or her life around a better relationship.

It must be remembered that the 'early mission' of 'the spirit' in the life of the young adult will be to bring him or her into his 'required standing.'

This is really about awakening the youth to the knowledges he or she already possesses.

Having learned a discipline to call his or her own, the man or woman will acquire a real 'spirit-dance' of creativity.

Having this within his or her stockpile of resources, there will be few who can challenge him or her.

Since we all expand and fill the space we inhabit, or choose to learn,

it's true that over time, anyone can enter into the adult world and freely dance in the intellect, the 'collective mind.'

12-12-00 i

The trick to understanding people comes when you start to see how individuals are repeatedly re-born.

'Everyman' wants to lend definition to his or her life. This can be done by making a strict break with one's past, and starting 'a new phase,' so to speak.

Most people you meet daily are on the trail of 'personal exile.' They await the moment when they might

acquire grit, soul, and thru tribulation come to a deeper comprehension of suffering, of 'the Universe' itself.

People think that they want a little bit of soul in their life to make them appear more beautiful.

While this may require many years of blackest suffering, and alienation, they yet chase after their goal, or aim, going ever-downwards over time.

What remains for the clever artist to do is to point out directly these tendencies in those around him or her.

It can be found everywhere.

The authority that the enlightened

weild over those 'yet to be re-born' is immense.

12-13-00 i

The first thing, or perhaps the last thing one notices upon returning to familiar territory is that his or her present standing is now tempered by the weight of those 'many fateful journeys.'

In negotiating one's own realities, let it be known that all along he or she will show that he does possess the perseverance to both bite back against those who would vex him, as well as negotiate the subtle darknesses which would enter.

The one of youth must come to understand that life on 'this side' is a complex game.

We use all manner of expressions to channel chosen energies into our lives. This is why we tend to be highly conservative.

One will find that he has gained the deep benefits of knowledge, and experience in learning how everything we do affects future realities.

Those who have learned this lesson, this trick, will know that they, in fact, have arrived.

In describing distant realities, one's actions will be tempered with a great

deal of esoteric sobriety, and sensibility.

This will be the result of his or her mindset, his experiences, and extensive knowledge of cause and effect.

Personal expressions need always to be guided by such voices if one is to make an accurate description, one that doesn't bring disgrace upon the one making the gestures.

Ordinary people get deeply caught up in 'life,' and hence lose sight of the child within.

Alienation builds upon alienation, as injuries become heaped upon one

another.

People sense distantly that they may be 'monsters,' yet are entirely bound up in unfolding realities.

This really is a great tragedy. People everywhere are drawn to mosques, churches, temples, and chapels where they reach out for forgiveness.

The best separate enchantments are those which lie within.

All men may sense this, but few and far between are those ones who do find substance there, who bring forth concrete realities, while transforming greater spheres.

The oceanic dances which have been described may emerge amongst all men and women.

But perhaps in leaning upon warmth the child must quest after that for which he or she desires.

In possessing a kernal of perseverance, one may exhibit aspects of beauty which, too, may transform.

12-14-00 i

The first thing, or perhaps the last thing one notices upon returning to familiar territory is that his or her present standing is now tempered by the weight of those many fateful

journeys.

Looking only to the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, one may exponents his or her understanding, and in time arrive at his required standing.

Can there be any end to life? To re-birth? I think not, within the spheres of the All.

On "myths and rites form the substantive backbone of adult society, and they always emerge of their own energies, their own accord...."

...Adults possess shimmering, toothy, 'towers' of etheric substance, which command outward into the

astral dimension. The enlightened one may perceive such 'thru inner vision alone.' He will learn about his own voice, in time.

One might start diminishing his fears and paranoias by beginning to demystify some of their deep, 'transformative' power.

The child wonders what makes others seem so 'high' above him, weilding authority at will?

It is for the strict reason of expanding the minds and intellects of the one's who wonder that I write this.

People get deeply situated within the natures of their own existance.

They learn every technique of love, and spirit, warfare and ritual...

The immature child, 'moving in' amongst powerful 'sorcerers,' should perceive such overarching intellects as temporary 'teachers,' future 'counterparts...' who do indeed possess hearts, which might shed much light on the child's own spiritual paths.

While eventually, the child wants to come to acquire some of their deep sophisticated charms, and himself learn to soar above, he or she should, for the now, lean on his chosen art, or craft, a 'material' discipline of his own.

This may 'galvanize' those around, within self-transformative splendor. Even 'moon children' must acknowledge the power of material endeavor, which has the timely benefit of endurance, and impact.

While many, many words will be said for the benefit of the 'immature child,' the 'one who wonders,' it is true that words alone cannot transform another.

The only real teacher is 'time.' This can lend 'experience,' this thru which change can be effected throughout the individual's being.

The key phrase for this bit of writing is 'shimmering, toothy, etheric

towers.'

Over time the child will become aware of this 'phenomenon.' He or she will in turn remember this particular writing, and perhaps a key will have arrived at it's destination.

This, after all is what my art is about. These contain keys and cues which will lie dormant until they will be called forth by necessity.

One wants to have knowledge about the models others use in making decisions. My gift lies in describing the natures of reality as I perceive it, while including as many 'keys' as possible in the given space.

12-14-00 ii

In looking beyond apparent natures, into the very hearts of the ones which surround you, genuine tenderness may easily be perceived.

All men and women have had to bear a certain amount of pain in their life.

Certain areas are known:

Childhood, adolescence, jobs, marriages, childbirth, illness, cravings, hunger... no one, repeat *no one* is immune from the haunting spectre of death.

Death has taken many forms,

assumed many guises.

Emotional pain, conflict, all of the jagged edges of any life...

All, in time, partake of defeat, disgrace, disorder, darkness, dismay, bad feelings, discontent... thusly we experience 'life' itself.

Yet a life without contrast would be highly bland.

Those who dwell within ritualized contentment... strict modes... these are very real people.

We are ever reaching out for warmth, leaning upon freshness, innocence.

The full weight of an adult mind is hard for the child to bear.

He or she wants to look much deeper, back into the common heritages which make us like one another.

To form a connection with another requires more than sensitivity, more than a smile.

One should simply know that those who dwell in the present all have, or had a mother, a father.

We all learned hard lessons, went thru all the awkward spheres of growing up... schools, churches,

organizations....

The plainest among us yet have felt many sharp stings across the years.

Many arrived here out of dysfunctional family situations...

And perhaps these words will fall upon deaf ears.

But it must be known that when the child has had his or her 'fill' of death, then he will simply be 'grounded' within a full grown sensibility.

Man's etheric nature can easily reach out beyond the confines of his

or her dwelling.

Understanding the human side of the most distant personalities may lead to partnership, or unity.

At the very least, it is simply shallow and dumb to think that your counterparts are flawless, for this is to believe their 'highly practiced illusion,' to disappoint.

12-15-00 i

The one of youth wants to come to a deeper understanding of those around him or her.

Perhaps, in coming to perceive others for what they are, the child

may find that some of his or her own illusions will evaporate.

While adults like to pretend that they are firmly here, in the present... most people can be seen as complex creations formed of past experiences.

All people share a common beginning, all have a mother, a father, and all had childhoods.

An aspect of the adult life is that one tends to re-enter again into his or her childhood, as times of long ago become more magnified than even present experiences are.

These past experiences are what defines the life of the mature human

being.

He will have discovered him or her self by delving deep within his or her own past, and therefore those experiences can be seen as making up the bulk of his persona.

To live amongst others is to be in a curious landscape of past realities, symbols and meanings morphing and meshing within one another, lending color and substance to the very tangible spaces throughout.

The child wonders how others can wield authority so easily over him or her?

This is the reason, this free inter-

change of past realities.

Those things of which you may be ashamed, or bothered by within your own past are seen as the tangible stand-out aspects of your 'history.'

They are the undeniable voices of other days.

Perhaps it could be said that in 'growing up,' people cease to experiment, to test reality, and instead placidly scan across all that has come before, knowing that past realities may in fact be far more tangible than any present appearances.

People such as this can be said to be somehow 'out of the game,'

'subtracted,' 'removed,' perhaps just wholly content in the nurturing of their young.

While the mere reading of these words will not be enough to transform anyone, it should be known that these knowledges may be stored away, and may be drawn upon later.

These will form the 'keys' which but have to fall into place for connections to be made, and understanding to be perceived.

12-15-00 ii

In bringing out the essence of his or her 'collective moment' may any one just recognize the simple fact that

all these energies which the child perceives clashing, colliding around and amongst him or her are really the 'deep histories' of all those around.

While no one wishes another harm, it must be known that the mature adult mind bears mightily on the one of small insight. Therefore all concessions and allowances must be made in that direction.

Old people live throughout their lives bearing the substantial magnified weight of all their years.

Would one access the living face of his or her reality, he or she should know that these are old childhood memories, failed marriages, turbulent

adolescences, fights, pains, deaths, much old suffering crossing over all physical boundaries.

While the child may not comprehend why he or she should be faced with such, it must simply be known that in the adult world, there are no barriers... all minds share the same primal spaces.

The one of youth will be light-hearted... he will not comprehend others deep gravity. He must know that he should carry on creating, happily... pointedly ignoring those around who would pretend to overt seriousness.

For it is true that the only god who

survives the games of the Universe is the one who knows how to laugh, to create, to bring fresh newness into the world.

To 'believe the illusion' is finally to be the worst disappointment unto those who need salvation.

Men and women seek life, and love to conjure modern illusions which may really benefit.

Lies, physicality, prejudice, and brutality are the certain rewards of stasis, and complacency.

While all are aware of their actions, most but await the one who would lift them from out of their

malaise of gloom and darkness.

People get headaches, pains, deep aches... which can only be soothed by the intervention of youth, and innocence.

While joy is prized by all, the magic of 'inner vision,' of 'sparkle' is also craved.

Those expressions which contain liquid soul are the most longed for.

We all crave after a 'vision of love,' that which might endure over spaces of time, to benefit future realities.

We are not alone here.

It must always be remembered that the very deep spaces which exist everywhere, eternally are peopled forever with aliens... extra-terresterials, these which can effect 'miracles,' signs and wonders, *sighs*, super-bliss, and everything... everlasting dreams of better realities.

This is the deep driving electric current which propells this century forward. These are the saviors of modern man... here, there, and everywhere... all may partake of this 'separate peace' as has been articulated.

The only ones, finally, who fail are those ones who refuse to bring

newness into the world.

For all intents and purposes, they are in fact 'lost.'

The child will learn his or her discipline, this which may channel future realities into fruition.

12-26-00 i

Surely, it must be known how uncertainty is the single biggest mystery known to man. Anytime variables seem to be unknown, causes, doubt forms. It is thru this loss that injustice may be perceived. Knowing how the best we all can accomplish is crafted thru the forgiving of this natural, organic

flowing outward into the world, then perhaps all men are artists.

That is to say, that by acting continually, always, from a solid grounding of innocence and right mindfulness, wishing no man harm, then gentle natures can be apprehended.

What is more, the simple, subtle perceptions which reside at the core of some, will, thru dance begin channelling an appropriate visage of nurturing, of feminine beauty, finally bringing the whole of Earth up the evolutionary ladder a few notches.

Perhaps, by simply gravitating into those areas where you find interest,

significant change can be effected.

Knowing, now, how the Goddess is present, we all can grow.

Isn't it great! Woman, simply crafting a new heart for a planet that has really arrived.

12-29-00 i

Perhaps, in understanding the actual condition of his or her own reality, anyone may also come to see how little can actually be done to avert his or her energies. Who knows from where they themselves will arise, but it should be known that there are many, many smart people in the world, those who cling stridently

to gentleness, openness, and compassion.

More and more, the enlightened perspective reaches deep down into the under-currents of society. All men share the same primal spaces, this is true.

Smart people may just know that this which we call the Universe, with its flow, its infinite reach, can turn itself in any given direction. The most that those of us who know can do, really, is to ensure throughout that we ourselves never lapse into that which is clearly thought to be wrong.

From antiquity have emerged wars, conflagrations, disunity.

While this is human nature, it is thought that most adults should use gentleness and compassion as their first guides.

Anyone must be aware that no actions or gestures are done entirely unto themselves. All is known, all settles in to it's relationships as the time arises.

It must be known that no man possesses much knowledge of the truly secret matters. Where do we come from, what awaits beyond, or the time of death-- God alone chooses these particulars.

While celebrity does lend itself to fantasies, and dreams, it must be

known that such things dwell far more completely within the observer than the observed.

Knowing his or her own capabilities, and the intangibility of illusion, it can be said that no one can really know what might come to be.

The recurring image which I've found is that the simple shaping of perceptions, morphing reality, done in a regular fashion, and displayed on a large scale, can itself 'show doors.' Revealing those aspects of character which make up 'everyman,' we climb, and fall. Climb and fall.

As has been stated, the rules of the Universe within powerful spheres

mandate Gentleness and Compassion as guides.

'Ill will' is seen as a substantive manifestation of malformation. Truly, men and women often perceive themselves as being instruments for the beyond. This too is the justification some choose.

Of a surety, it must be known how the games of men are most likely seen as 'quaint' and 'miniscule' darkneses which are mostly undesirable, given how people have to live together.

While the whole of Earth has found a quality of peace which is truly profound, and well established, any one of us might also 'show doors.'

Lapsing unintentionally, then lapsing with intent, all the while going forward in knowledge of the right way, yet tending to lapse often... thusly are distinctions formed.

As has been stated, the contacting of a deeper expression of an 'adult' sensibility, and maturity may allow solid relationships to form amongst the colors. Even men can judge accurately, after having purged their own darknesses.

Knowing also that the child's relationship with the Absolute is so profound, and well established, we begin settling down into our regular grooves, peacefully, hopefully tackling each and every problem that

arises.

Such can be any man's rule.

1-5-01 i

In wondering who themselves really are, ascertainment can always be gained by the conjuring of an innocent, natural flow outward into the material sphere.

Knowledge of such is gained by experience, patience and practice.

The woman herself can't be grasped, manually.

She is beyond all appearances.

While she plays, like a child, hers
is simply a real existence... all within.

Even within her great, overflowing
innocence, there dwells also a
sophistication born of the generations.

'I do not know whose mother it is.'

Perhaps this is God.

But the ever- trying 'mysterious
feminine' must be a lover, also.

She dwells within.

You can't really hear her, yet she
also dances.

She is one of the 'dreams, where

the contents are visible.'

It is thru her great patience and perseverance that we arrive at destinations.

Much is given thru her genuine mindfulness.

No mis-steps are allowed.

As long as one does the smart paths, she is content within herself.

Stray, and she exerts, to bring you back.

I myself do have something 'real' in my life.

Men are crazy. Few people really try and do the best.

But she is always on task.

It is due to her ever-present conscientiousness that we, anyone at all, may grow.

1-7-01 i

One is always reminded how we're all here together. Throughout the spheres of dance, and it's shedding of light, one may come to perceive a certain depth and reach of classic motifs.

Thru the manifesting of this apparation, one might also express the

simple truths, these which are also desired.

No man, regardless of his or her age or social standing, should ever allow him or her self to be controlled by another. Adhering to inner peace is usually the best path to take.

While the child may quest after the distant future, it should be recognized that one can never be anywhere, save precisely where he or she is at the present moment.

To dream is to indulge the inner feminine in an array of visions. While benefit may be found anywhere, one mostly clings to the tried and the true.

Really, the child must know that most likely, he or she is separated from his counterparts mostly by time. Give it time, and wisdom itself may grow.

You may love any woman or girl. But let no one deny you of your self. This can be seen as a doorway to suffering. Be true firstly to yourself. Others do not respect you unless you possess self restraint.

The journey is highly long, torturous, and is very much akin to alienation. There can't be anything gained by withholding. By freely shedding light, anyone may represent his or her self as an honest person.

While anyone may choose to suffer, those who negotiate triumph have to be seen as the pleased ones.

Perhaps the absolute wheel will turn all men in time. Both good and bad do exist.

There is no 'heaven.' Contrast forms the semblances of God.

To soak up life is but to survive. Gain is accomplished thru allowance of the within.

To possess, to allow, the mind of a child... this may also benefit.

Morning has a glow. 'Everyman'

possesses the inherent capacity for this awareness.

Going forward, tending to move out of the past, one should know that he or she has arrived.

What is knowledge? A tool. What are you, if not an instrument?

Lovers do not turn upon one another, except in the most outrageous of circumstances.

Perhaps, then, you should seek to endear yourself to the Universe.

Living a life of torment is a sure recipe for inner turmoil.

One should seek peace, because she is sensitive, as you yourself are. Maybe even more so.

Possessing genuine self love, in it's intrinsic duality, is the sum total of happiness.

Ecstasy, even, flows from her eyes.

She knows you know, she knows, that you, too know, she knows.

Inner vision reaches beyond the confines of one's dwelling, to benefit future realities.

No games are played in there, for the minds are one.

As you can see, the messages any one finds from within are innocent, therefore natural.

She also knows her own mind, thankfully.

This is that which may be allowed, thru gentleness and mindfulness. Ego should come to be diminished, as also should all conditioned responses.

In time, if you survive, you'll be soft like a baby. Both of you together are within one mind. This, too is beautiful.

1-7-01 ii

Looking only to his or her own right minded accomplishments for reimbursement, anyone can in time allow the divine to find expression thru him or her.

The first thing one notices upon returning to familiar territory is that his or her standing is now tempered by the weight of those 'many fateful journeys.' Perhaps, there can be little hope for gain there.

But to believe this is to deny yourself of your basic humanity.

For it is true that all men prize gentleness and compassion, and need warmth to shelter them from life.

Knowing the qualities of his or her own soul can be seen as the child's prime aim.

While no man knows what may come to be in the future, no one seeks loss. It must be known that there is everywhere a deep and profound condition of gentleness and hope within the world.

To know the truth is to be able to harness present realities.

What is this which the writer accesses, then, if not classic motifs?

Perhaps, anyone and everyone may also be an artist. What goes into making a profound work of art? It

can be said that all things are possible. Therefore, one should feel free to reach deep within the mind of another, to touch the primal reactions of spirit's basic nature.

What has been done? Can there be any salvation for the wicked? Surely only the richest among us may openly challenge the unknown. Who knows. Perhaps, the absolute does have these patterns of keeping all men firmly on the earth. This has to be seen as a cool, earthy understanding.

Those who you perceive as being 'mighty,' or 'god-like' are surely beset with challenges in other areas. While men are inherently challenged by the Universe, and can never master all of

life, the highly graceful yet may find ways to succeed.

Bringing in the right doors and openings, transcendence potions, you can rise above your own darknesses.

Perhaps, by simply having experienced depth, one can elevate his or her self into a greater skill level.

Knowing how his world can, in time, put forth accurate representations, he or she now knows restraint.

In order for one to gain, he or she must first feel pain. This is that 'hard knowledge,' this which is instilled within the child.

When one is encouraged by those around him or her, he then may accomplish beneficial art.

Parents should reassure the child that nothing is beyond his or her grasp. This calls forth greatness.

To harshly criticize the early, learning gestures is to abort the child's creative spirit.

One has to practice his or her art, journeying great distances, over many years, in order to achieve mastery.

Parents and peers are key, for these foster the youth, providing openings upward, outward, into the world of

imagination.

While there will be strict challenges at times, the young adult will always remember these words: "You can do anything you set your mind to."

Having learned early, one will be challenged in other ways, but will always possess the tools, the keys to rise above.

Freedom of self expression is equal to a heartfelt complement.

While many are given gifts, life itself kills some.

Having confronted death, fears are

also diminished.

When one has learned his or her songs, he or she may give unto others.

Perhaps, one should have thought thru his or her own mysteries before he pretends to instruct another.

When men's wild natures become tamed, then the beast will rest with the meek children. Both will rest.

While adults are not tempered by restraint, the young ones yet become restless.

Having been shown calm, placid awareness, one starts to relax.

While the classic motifs are good, hyper-active children may easily become impaired.

Looking at how men are shown walls, rather than doors, I myself show doors.

Most may be content with doors, but the one's to whom I speak seek after real openings.

These will be assisted by any reference to 'nature spirits,' organic beauty, consciousness expansion, this which allows the feminine.

Nurturing of one's own self calls forth greatness from others.

1-10-01 i

Now that all of that has been said, anyone, no, everyone may just come to deep comprehension of the respective feminine impetus.

Knowing how we all are wrapped in mystery, it must be known that this, too, may assume a voice, and speak.

The sensibilities of sound, spirit, mindfulness, magic, all that flows from somewhere, within... these are not beyond apprehension.

In knowing one's own self, one enters fully into the flow of life, and becomes vital component of greater spheres.

Anyone may learn to take great care in all of life, for this is the path which benefits such a one's own self.

We all quest after beauty, genuine knowledge may be gained also, in time.

Really, the only thing separating the weak from the strong is genuine mindfulness. Knowing how all we do can affect future realities, the mature adult seeks neatness, order, and hamony, and clings stridently to interior peace.

You who seem tossed upon stormy seas, while longing after a vision of love... you who are deeply isolated

from those around you, you who must gradually return to your spiritual family... you only need time.

Transformation will be effected, and within the spirit of wisdom comes some discipline, hope for a real 'art' of your own, the deep tangible connectivity with those around your self, and with empty space itself.

Being able to see clear thru into other's hearts and minds, you will be better able to relax, and nurture the simple dreams, humility and grace, and love will come of it's own accord.

While the adult knows his own mind, and heart, the child may be driven by unknown forces.

While you yourself may be reading these words, who is it who is speaking them?

While you may not have understood the meaning of the last question, by looking within, some benefit may be discovered.

After time has passed, and you yourself are one, there might be found, too, those who can guide one such as yourself.

Isn't this what is really desired, a guide?

By knowing from where knowledge flows, and who the

dancers are, the inner dance... anyone can touch an honest truth.

Some people rely on vast experience for a guide.

Who are the simple people?

They dwell within the forest, and look like a swirl, a vortex, or an eddy.

Also, they may be more real than you yourself are.

This is because of their vast experience, and knowledge.

What is more, the flow of the Universe... time itself, is thought to be their only home.

While any child may enter into a deep, dense, shadowy forest, it is only those who possess lights within which can lead a dance.

'Possessing lights within' is the supreme chill. This is the gravity which you, also, may be held to the Earth by.

This, finally, is the gravity of the accurate adult.

1-11-01 i

Now what one would win, over time, will be the personal affections of his or her deity.

Going forward into all of life, the swift one travels far.

Looking only to the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may exponents his or her understanding, and arrive at his required standing.

While the man of separate peace is content, he finds a sense of accomplishment in spreading his knowledge.

The best we all can accomplish, naturally, is accomplished thru the allowing of this organic, natural flowing outward into the material realm.

'When all the world recognizes beauty as beauty, this in itself is ugliness.' -Lao Tzu

Those who would deceive depend solely upon the willingness of another to be deceived. This is the truth.

Those who reject deception inherently will discourage others from deceiving them.

Knowledges are given freely by the gentle nature spirits.

While the most distant personalities can be seen as removed, or subtracted, neither, either, one of the children of life can be seen as twisted.

Maybe there can be no real salvation for the wicked.

However, this which we perceive flowing outward from the minds of some is not retrograde.

Clinging only to bright, shining newness, lovers are somewhat entangled.

Where one places his self is component of heredity, time, and free will.

One looks for deep truths, this can liberate the greater whole from hatred.

Maybe there can't be any real

salvation for the wicked.

However, knowing that all men are properly seen as either 'masculine' or 'feminine,' the child should look for innocence.

Longing only for that which is honest, one knows.

Having seen accurate honesty, one really has no need for going forward blindly.

Let no one wonder from where these words flow.

While 'enemy' is easy, friend is difficult.

Morning brings a distinct beginning, and with an expansion into the sphere of the greater world there comes a deepening of character and consciousness.

Now, what one would win, over time, will be the personal affections of his or her deity.

While solitude is a part of life, togetherness, warmth, openness, honesty, genuine, heartfelt expressions form our dreams.

'When all the world recognizes beauty as beauty, this in itself is ugliness.'

While time tells no secrets, any

artist can describe his or her own vision.

Looking only to the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may expound his or her understanding, and arrive at his required standing.

Looking at 'time,' perhaps it could be said that the occurrence and placement of events can be seen as expressing the 'artists vision.'

While any man or woman can make 'art,' only space men may freely travel amongst the stars.

We have to be seen firstly as tiny, tiny creatures, who yet can find

nurturing from the greater whole.

While we are inherently 'beautiful,' 'soft,' 'thoughtful,' 'expressive,' 'creative,' 'nurturing,' our own selves, those who skirt amongst the stars in awesome vehicles, these also are Gods children.

Perhaps, we're all trying to share these primal spaces, here in the spaces of this 'Eden,' but then again, who knows.

I really think that while we ourselves are the 'physical' ones, Others can freely intersect multiple dimensions.

Thru the manifesting of this

apparition, one may perceive a certain depth and reach of classic motifs.

1-12-01

Looking only to the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may, in time, exonerate his or her understanding... and thru exploration and stream of consciousness divination, arrive at his or her required standing.

Time tells no secrets, yet from within the mind of any real artist may emerge genuine truths.

Morning brings a distinct beginning, and with an expansion into the sphere of the material world there

comes a deepening of character and consciousness.

Now that all of that has been said, one may go forward into all of life, merrily doubting all but the most proven of certainties.

One by one, all the people begin, slowly, to settle down.

You also can find assistance in your timely endeavors.

You really just need very little, save your own inner leanings towards the world of art, of creativity.

Such can be rewarded by exercising it, and it may grow of it's

own accord.

If you ever find good results, which do bring you pleasure, then try to learn every aspect which lends them their magic. You'll learn to recreate the tricks... but first you have to try to nurture your creative leanings.

You also will have to unlearn your illusions, and get calm inside. Knowledgable.

Another writer spoke this: C.A.R.P.= trash fish. (C.A.R.P. stands for Conditioned Automatic Responce Patterns.)

This is truely the challenge of art.

When you're really honest with yourself, you'll see that you often respond to stimuli out of habit, old habit... old fears, illusions, childhood darkneses. You can really come into a full awareness of all your own actions... from where they flow. You then will see that you are completely innocent, like a baby, and possess enormous honesty and truth within yourself. Anyone can be an excellent artist.

1-15-01 i

I'm just going to start out, for my own benefit, and see what comes. You really have to be high, that is to say, you have to be keyed into the subtlest flows. In this way, you can

learn to really communicate. It may also be true that such a thing isn't just freely given. That is to say, some practice has to be accomplished before mastery can be gained. If you know, then you know.

The very first completed project by the young artist could easily be seen as a place of learning. Much is learned in the writing of such a thing, and such also creates an atmosphere of learning after it's accomplishment, for the artist. Now, you might know that this 'flow' which you perceive herein is a gift given of the 'gods.' In the present moment, you yourself are feeling the 'test.' This, too, is where you will come into your standing as an artist. Of course, such is

everywhere. Particularly in the areas of the arts. You yourself are coming into this world. You have certain benefits to offer, as any original thinker would. Let it not be said that such is always easy, or smooth. In my opinion, I'll just say that your burden may be heavier than some others. But that's not to say that your benefits are any less...

It is really true that the first completed project is indeed a place of learning. In my opinion, everybody, everywhere who sees it will be 'taken on some journeys.' This, too, is what you 'do.' You're not just flat, or stationary. You are more plasmic, and your art has life within. It causes others to go places they've never been.

You can see it everywhere, now. Those who have similar gifts know how you're in a place of learning. They know, too, that it is here that you will hone your skills, transform your self, and begin to come out into the world, like a man would.

It's true that the following of dreams is a good thing. As has been said, when you set your mind to something, you can get it. Those of us who are part of the present have love in our hearts. Hopefully, there's nothing to be afraid of now.

Negotiate your own darkneses. These are not meant to hurt you, but it's true that they are at times a challenge. When you know the truth

of things, you will start to see better. The way time passes for you is occasionally somewhat narrow. Your inspiration closes in into a tight little vortex. You just push directly thru, while visualizing your handicap. It's well known that these things are handed you by those around you. Finally, they are not taken seriously.

1-15-01 iii

Love has to be seen as the principal guide that people everywhere use in making decisions. Gentleness, and compassion.

Knowing this, and too how the spirit of competition is abundant in the free world... then a person can

really learn how to meditate, and perceive glimpses of 'the Game.'

Yes, we're all here together, therefore not everyone is like one another. Everyone is at a different place in space and time.

Maybe if we all were the same age, then there wouldn't be such distinctions among us.

No... that yet wouldn't allow for much individuality.

Having parents, every one is formed of variety, of other shores.

Seeing how dark and light co-exist, you should teach your darkness to

dance within your light. Thru this way, you too can be an artist.

Really, your eyes will have to get better, and learn to see both light and dark for what they are.

I personally think that most people are principally ordered around 'theatre.' Perhaps I myself am not well versed here.

I can see how writers learn to conjure, and actors and actresses are craftspeople, directors seem to be good at setting moods, and getting things rolling... cameramen and technicians also are well versed in the newest techniques...

Now, listen... would one gain leverage over his or her fears, then he or she might start by beginning to demystify thier substantial powers. Thru this way he or she might transform his apparent karma, or caste, and become real party to the evolving spheres of the Universe.

With gentleness and compassion as your principal guides, you too can show doors.

Morning brings a distinct beginning.

Knowing how the shaping of other's perceptions is a game requiring real mindfulness, then like art itself, requires patience.

You have got to be somewhat lonely before you want to look for a relationship.

Here, I also remind one of 'primal wit,' this which leads the cutting edge of technology, science, space exploration, satellites, big computers, medicine, computer animation... towering skyscrapers, huge stadiums, an highly flourishing culture of creativity.

You yourself are a little part of this world. When you step lightly, and be yourself, others will respect you.

I myself think that it could be said that you yourself have entered thru

the big gates of the world, and now should start thinking about what you want to do here. You know who you are, thankfully. Maybe you're seen as bold, maybe crazy. Just do what makes you happy. I think you'll find a lot of good here.

1-15-01 iv

It's true that that the most sacred rewards of material endeavor include richness of intellect, and security. Knowing how the best we all can accomplish is crafted simply thru the forgiving of the natural, organic flowing outward into the material realm, then perhaps all men are artists. Knowing this, the thoughtful one travels with gentleness, and

humility.

It's known how you have to feel pain in order to gain. This same is true in the realm of magic. Here, now, is a gift. You don't know where it came from. You only know that you hurt for a while. Seems like the two are related, bound up. One tends to think, in a way, that a gift can be seen as a 'compensatory factor.'

What is this which has been spoken of? It's just a gift. Love can give. You might also find that you will bring nurturing from the greater whole. This, I feel, is mostly what is desired. The best writers possess an intrinsic duality of sexual attraction. Knowing the awesome power of this

beingness, one begins to try more and more.

Perhaps, what is done is a kind of a beginning, of a discipline. It could be said that poetry does not come 'at will.' However, by continually acting, trying, putting effort forth, you set the conditions in place for poetry to emerge. Herein lies great truth. While these words alone may not be beautiful, this is not beyond that which can be attained. Maybe, there really is some beauty here. Mine is the 'examined life.' I try to always be as logical as possible. Perhaps I have an age beyond my years. My life certainly was intense for a while. I think that such an existence teaches a quantity of humility, and grace, this

which is required for life to flourish.

In being able to see auras, and spirit of things and creatures one makes accurate decisions. Looking at what has just been written, I wonder what might be found therein. That is to say that 'flow' tends to contain itself. Depth of meaning emerges over time. Acting from a deep connectivity with one's surroundings tends to uplift one into the culture as a whole. Haven't you thought how knowledge is free-flowing everywhere, all around? This is what I mean.

The 'internet' is the surface manifestation of a deeper apparition. Knowing this, one travels with

humility, and grace. Honesty is the rule, in my opinion. Here, I'm reminded how no one, truly no one is immune from the haunting spectre of death. While lovers may join in time and space, men tend to compete with one another. While questions mandate answers, answers may not always emerge. While I am full of knowledge, I yet may teach another. Who knows what may occur in the world. In the world, all things are possible. People make decisions based on necessity. This is well known. Therefore, one can conclude that unless you threaten others, they will not answer with self-defence. Art itself may call forth greatness from others, but it needn't be thought that innocent art incites violence. This

fear is something of a darkness. Simply by shedding light into the dark places, one can dispell fear.

I guess, since many different interpretations can be given to a deep work of art, it should be known that this, for the most part is a quiet diversion of the free. People of simplicity shouldn't fear complexity, since he or she keeps to the simple and the serene. While safety is found in numbers, great gain can be accomplished by joining hands with another gentle person. Where the single man is seen as weak, the strong couple can harness present realities, and transform greater spheres. The energy contained within 'two' is entirely different from 'one.' A smart

woman knows how to benefit another, without harming. Just a few rushing moments before she will reach out to you. Your decisions and actions will determine future realities. Ideally, you too will share your dreams. Light is there, and not much dark. You can't fathom this, really, for your relationship is yet morphing. Transformation is effected, in time.

What has led to this day? And this present future? We now know how the Web allows for individual expression. Thru self-expression, one can transform his or her subtle perceptions continually at play within the whole. Now that you see it at work for you, you start to reach out more and more.

1-16-01 i

Looking only to the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may exponents his or her understanding, and thru exploration and stream of consciousness divination, arrive at his or her required standing.

Love is unreal. Yet it is highly real, in places. While I myself love, most men and women also love. We have to do that which is given to us. This also is our personal interpretation of divinity, of desire. I have to try and exhibit the best, so the right signals are communicated.

What is love? Starts with self,

then it follows. While this is true, actual material accomplishment, commodity of benefit is also desired.

This I know: by possessing an internal duality, you might exhibit aspects of beauty which too may transform. Maybe love is simply that which transforms. Where you see real transformation, love also is there. Also, love is self loathing. For this leads to the high examined life. To be your own judge and jury is to ascend into your required standing.

Apologizing, now, for all the pain I have inured, I ask this: May the child just perform the light actions, to thus confirm who he or she is. People tend to forget who they in fact are,

swimming as they are in time.

1-17-01 i

While time tells no secrets, maybe the best we all can hope for is simply to allow the natural, organic flowing outward into the material realm. It's thru this wonder that magic is accomplished. Beauty, and art, benefits, wonders.

Looking at what has just been written, I wonder what might be found therein. More likely than not, I just find my own spirit somewhere along the way. Funny how it seems you can't even see the obvious. For me, anyway, the spirit of

enlightenment is a simple explaining, with out causing harm. This is the benefit of a kind woman, for instance.

We look to free men to explain, to lift us up into the culture as a whole. You shouldn't wish harm upon free people.

What does it mean to be free? This is simply a contentment within one's own self... a freedom from negativity, and hatred. Having put two and two together, time itself can be folded into pretty shapes. Going forward without animosity, you don't loathe your own self. This is being free.

Having the attention, now of the

culture as a whole, I carry on talking about the simple truth here, which is freedom from hatred, fear, animosity, all of the things which you doubt yourself with.

Children but await enlightenment. You yourself possess the inherent benefits to win their respect. This requires an inner calm, a contentment within your own self, and a fearless condition of self-knowledge.

Knowing the Game, and it's permutations, you do step lightly, but just know that you are liked, real people don't wish harm upon those who don't know any better.

These cities, all these places, they

contain exquisite wonder. Just look at the incredible depth therein! See the good... know the best.

You shouldn't fear. But it's true that the Mark which you can't beat is the Mark within yourself. It is for this ever-present reason that all of us tend to mistrust those who speak of self-knowledge, and bliss, peace.

At any rate, you should enjoy every minute of your own downward journey. If you survive, you'll be pure, and soft, like a child. Knowing this, the thoughtful one travels with gentleness, and mindfulness.

1-19-01 i

The fabric of existence, the factories which create these tools... we look to the heavens for sustenance...

Freedom from doubt is provided, when you examine the truth closely. There is simply no doubt as to the nature of existence...

However far or near, the inspiration of our dreams fold over into present spheres, coming from beyond, drifting across into here.

Those who carry on within illusion need only time, and when choices are made, we shouldn't wish harm upon free people...

However many more eons, distant futures, can be channeled, or allowed, is derivative of the foundations of the Universe. You should never fear darkness. It has been shown that light alone can benefit.

Empty space has handles, you can grasp it... lovers shouldn't turn on one another, except in the most outrageous of circumstances...

Dream a little, and know that there are those who take life seriously... but not too seriously. Rationality and sensibility form the living components of the 'time.'

The most painful part of womanhood can be childbirth...

childhood... but it's clear how these necessary pains form the surface factors of an infinitely deeper joy...

What goes forward throughout existence without illusion?

What is the fear? That this eden will be lost...

Knowledge of the Absolute, while not 'fear,' can be seen as the highest respect there is. The energy contained in any object must be immense. Therefore, it's truly hard to know what will come to be in the physical Universe.

While perhaps, one can sense the spirit, or thought waves of the

Universe, really what can be known of physical tendencies? History is the best guide. You can get a grasp of cause and effect... but on a Gaia level, do we really have many historical records?

This is just the fear, I think that this civilization is better than any which has come before. But let us not injure the spirit of Earth along the way. I think that this often requires attention.

1-20-01

Wondering, now, from where they themselves have flown, one can come to reconcile East with West, all in time, throughout the flows of life.

While self-loathing may be seen anywhere, the one who knows how to show physical affection may yet not possess love.

The touch of a woman, in it's intrinsic beingness, may be called forth at any time... but the one who knows that which he or she loves is truly blessed.

One who would learn should, over time, practice stream-of-consciousness writing, or music... understanding can be gained also, in time.

However far one travels, the mindful one will always return home,

safe and sound.

It is by simply accessing the awesome beingness within that any and all men may also be elevated out of malaise, out of gloom.

The things one knows are the product of experience, and enabeling. For simply by having 'been there,' and then possessing within a natural sensibility given of spirit, and mindfulness, even the one of small insight can be prompted upward, out of complacency.

One might wonder, here: How does one know insight? How can it be illustrated? Perhaps, this which we all aspire to is illustrious 'mandate.'

Feeling reward within benefiting others, seeming to ignore the complacency of others, for this... thusly is art formed.

While all, I feel, believe in god, the Universe, the great beyond, the tangibility of space itself, surely only the permissive one may choose to allow freedom to enter.

What forms freedom? Freedom from loathing, and self-hatred.

It's true that any man or woman can also be handed a 'sacred charge.'

Perhaps, by simply welcoming early the inclination towards the

crafty, or the magical, the simple twists and turns of the forest, with its trees... in this way one might be handed a 'sacred charge.'

You will find that you feel love for this one, though you come to entirely ignore her.

At best, you will reach out for her at each time she opens her own door.

Everywhere in the whole world, those who follow the trends, you, too can form component thought of Spirit, and mindfulness.

Knowing folk art, and simple technology, without many 'flourishes,' you'll also feel 'the dream.'

While dreams are 'real,' what really makes them sensible is this: the single individual can transform the whole of current thought, simply by being led to believe he or she has done so.

It's not funny, although some may laugh.

I myself laugh at this thought.

How not funny.

Hello, hope you all have been well. What has transpired here has been the imbibing of a beer, this pleasant cloudy saturday here. There is another one in the fridge. It is partly

for this reason, and this pleasant state that I choose this time to try and bond with my audience. Hope you like the new update to the files. You may have seen how I always go thru and keep only the good, as it becomes apparent. How do you spell apparent? Apparant? Nice to have a healthy computer, and a willing audience. Well, bye for now.
Greg

1-23-01 i

Practicing not uncleanness, insincerety, dishonesty, ill will... 'we' merely travel forward in full knowledge of our actions, and potential future outcomes.

What the future holds is anybody's guess... I guess, 'we' know love, forgiveness, peace, self-knowledge...

While the consciousness of any man may easily stretch out beyond the present moment, what the distant future holds is resultant of one's inner relationships, those things which are 'allowed.' Any man can see how the smart one comes to solidly guide his or her self thru any potential realities...

Knowing, simply, a basic, fundamental aspect of existence... what is held within worldly 'dwellings,' anyone can come to see how the appropriate situation for the 'artist' is really somewhat that of a

placid observer, or perhaps a homeowner... a being who is not simply given to illustrating injustice, but aligned with the forms and flows of 'truth,' of the 'basic forms.'

Perhaps, having vaulted ones visage in time and space into a higher eschelon, anyone may come to see how the 'image' which the adult mind possesses is resultant of his or her own right-minded choices... those things which aren't necessarily tainted with 'ritual portrayal...'

1-24-01 i

Perhaps, it could be said that the best rewards of material endeavor include richness of intellect, and

security.

Knowing this, the thoughtful one travels with gentleness and compassion.

Where might one travel, on a sunny morning, when all things are moving into their respective positions.

Knowing where you will soon find yourself, I, too become somewhat bereaved with sadness.

Perhaps this could be seen as a gain of the mind to engender intensity of response reaction... or a statement to convey depth of sincerity.

Would the one of small insight

practice stupidity, she or he should just know now that his deeds and actions can affect future realities... can affect eventual outcomes.

Perhaps supreme gentleness and compassion should be seen as the best guides for the one who would learn.

Thru these, he or she will prevent his or her self from future injury.

Knowing, now how all we do can affect future realities... one should also be reminded of the sheer depth of Time, of how the future stretches out in all directions, one half is dark, and the other is light.

Chart the course into the light, and

you will only discover joy, and contentment. Would one enter the dark, he or she should be reminded of how the Universe does not at all respect the will of individuals, of how the pain of a single moment may be extended out across many black years... my advise: do not go into the woods!

So look, now, into your own personal heart, and envision how long a year is. Then multiply this out by ten or fifteen, and remember this: it won't be fun, it will be bad. BAAD! Painful.

Wondering, now, what the future holds for you, the awesome majesty of the human spirit... just know that you

will be guided always by the perfect hands of destiny, by the soul of the Universe...

While no man may know the future, one may yet survive the games of the Magic Kingdom... castles, towers, parapets... dancers... wonders... they may one day be yours.

1-25-01 i

Quietly wondering, questioning... these form the spirit of the child.

These also, form the defining images of the planet Earth, a place where science pushes forth despite critiques of superstition and blackest hatred.

Knowing this which science has handed us... yet we still carry on darkly protracting animosity... perhaps, our future is not as discovered as we had thought...

Darkness enshrouds children... thier tiny lights reach toward the sun for warmph.

People also just really have to do this which they are given... in a practical sense, one can't be anywhere save where he or she is in the present.

Therefore, we tend to dominate that which is on a lower level... this is also because the world is an highly competitive place, and any signals of

weakness are usually exploited.

Wondering from where the future the future flows, anyone may just come to full comprehension of the respective feminine impetus...

What takes a man, however, this which requires knowledge of the Universe, is the ability to simply love. Perhaps, this is like giving of yourself... but it should be known that the pain you feel can be seen as a manifestation of your love.

Where the world lives, now can be seen as within the Milky Way Galaxy...somewhere in there, anyway.

Anyone at all can find love within

themselves... especially if you have a sense of flow in any way. For this likely indicates the presence of the Spirit within your sphere. Thru tribulation it can be given tangible substance. As a candle shines outward within a dark room, so it goes.

Where you find yourself at any given time is resultant of your own silence, stimulation, thought waves, and your chosen statements.

It's known that people radiate vibrations. It is due to this that those around you seem to be able to read your mind.

The adult mind can easily sense

another's emotions. This takes place everywhere, and innocent children can be confounded by this phenomenon.

1-26-01 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone can expound his understanding, and in time, arrive at his or her required standing.

Wondering, now, from where he or she has flown... East and West can be reconciled with ease, all in time, within the spheres of 'life.'

However far he or she travels, the mindful one will always return to his or her home, safe and sound.

Memories remain... new beginnings can be found anywhere... we all just take the benefits we are offered... one smart person can easily transform his or her own world, easily flowing amongst the spheres of time, and commonplace.

Maybe the best we all can accomplish is crafted simply thru the forgiving of this organic, natural flowing outward into the material sphere.

However, one needs to be reassured, here: The talents and skills anyone possesses are just that... god-given abilities, which are given of grace, and, of my own practical

reasoning, 'skills.'

This latter one has been the focus of my adult life.

Those who judge correctly know that the process of learning is highly similar for all people, and very few are 'freely handed' skills.

I know that I learned deeply the twists and turns of this which I can do.

The greatest difficulty, really, came in learning to be completely honest, in giving voice to the subtlest of perceptions, flows, impressions, all the while adhering to classical techniques of beauty and poetry.

Much of the impact of this which has been written emerged over time... I knew that it was deep, but perhaps, I didn't completely understand all the ways that it would be perceived.

'The artist' might one morning state his or her self plainly, other times, he may be more obscure.

If he trusts his or her self, having experienced already many, many twists and turns of his own 'paranoid-critical' critiques... he or she can yet create freely, knowing that he has learned his own songs full well.

1-27-01 i

Looking at life, at how it flows, it must be thought, or known, that myth and rite forms the substantive backbone of adult society. They always flow of their own accord... seeming to have a will of their own.

Where is it that we have found ourselves? One might look around his or her physical shape, and the subtle channels of sound, and time.

Perhaps, this could be said to be a place of learning.

However, it must really be known that the most accurate knowledges can often come instinctively, and are really components of time and space, rather than experience.

Where does poetry flow from? It could be said that by trying often, putting effort forth, one can set in place the conditions within which poetry may emerge. What I refer to are the quiet paths of writing, or music, or art, any kind of personal expression.

Maybe the best we all can aspire to is simply to allow the organic, natural flowing outward into the material sphere. Thru simply leaping from his or her stable perch, the young bird also finds that he or she can fly.

It should be known that when one tries to write improvisationally, many many different levels of substance can

possibly emerge.

While jazz musicians have taught us that in art there really aren't any mistakes, it should be also known that one's art may be more primarily indicative of internal emptiness than, say, revelatory knowledges.

Although I may be an advanced writer, I yet remember many times struggling to get any thought flowing.

I guess, really, one has to have something to say first. But perhaps the real art comes in developing and fostering a keen interest in stream-of-consciousness output. In developing a kind of internal honesty, completely diminishing your ego, such automatic

responses, and trying often, on a regular basis, then you can establish new patterns within your inner realm. This can in time coax thought forth.

While the advanced artist may easily forget his humble beginnings, he yet can try in some way to encourage the young writer.

There is a hard wall separating the young writer from his or her own intuitive flows. This is composed of rationality, and self-doubt.

Ideally, one will know how to type well. This one can let his or her hands just dance over his keyoard. It may have been noticed how I myself sometimes start out with an already

established knowledge, and try and trust that a flow will be formed. Heres an example of this:

"Knowing how myths and rites form the substantive backbone of adult society, then perhaps all men are artists. It's thru this that we have the culture of creativity.

"...Perhaps, seeing how the best we all can accomplish is crafted simply through the forgiving of this organic, natural flowing outward into the material sphere, then it could be said that such flows of it's own energies, it's own accord."

This is what I mean. It helps the writer to have a stable 'platform' from

which to launch a dance. To write well requires a great deal of patience and practice, learning good paths over time.

You'll come to identify certain characteristic traits of your own deep self; these will form the structure of your written pieces.

You'll learn to observe from afar, and apply critical, logical judgment to anything that comes forth, so that you don't go down blind alleys.

That is to say, some thoughts lead into openness, and bright thought, while others may lead to indefensible mires.

These paths, one leading up, the other down, are formed of the most minute factors. You'll grow to learn the deep character of the words you dance with. In this way great strength can be communicated.

1-30-01 i

"Many, many, different meanings and understandings will have to be acquired along the way." "The child will have to come to a deeper expression of an adult sensibility in attempting to sway the formidable intellects continually looking on."

Looking only to the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may expound his or her understanding,

and eventually arrive at the timely perspectives he or she seeks.

With what may I tarry? With what will I proceed or advance? Looking backwards and forwards simultaneously, one can arrive at the timely perspectives he or she seeks.

Knowledge is free flowing, everywhere, all around. Those who would deceive depend solely upon the willingness of others to be deceived. This is the truth.

You who are distanced from those around you, who must gradually return to your required standing... you need only time. Knowledge will be effected, and in time you can freely

dance in the ethereal realm, the collective mind, the world of adult experiences.

Lovers who dwell together pleasure each other, while shedding lights on those around.

This which has been shown are some varied examples of that which may be done. With grace, many things are indeed possible. One can easily write from an innocent, organic flowing outward, confident that a modicum of truth will be present.

High minded knowledges filter downward from above, and the child should temper their expression with

his or her own background, and experiences.

Grace is really the writers answer. The way one gets to know a woman, over time, reflects on his or her own self.

While you may make many missteps, in trying to manage your pain and suffering, your ignorance and lack of self-respect, it should be known that a solid relationship, a stable platform, is attainable.

What you may be wondering, also, is what is meant by 'The Game.' This surely has to be seen as a set of possible goals, with hazards and obstacles, which play into the life of

the mature adult.

While this has to be seen as 'secret knowledge,' you won't perceive it in 'technicolor' until your whole relationship has been improved.

The shape of a life emerges over time, thru the subtle gestures of the child's feet, hands, arms, mouth, hairstyle, clothing, habits, concessions and allowances, his or her life situations and morphing relationship.

'Relationship' is formed of God. 'God' includes everything. Your own inner landscapes and dances, the people around you, the ways and positioning of events and occurrences, happenings and gifts that flow up

against the face of your
consciousness.

Such things as poetry, music and art can be helpful for deepening the child's interface with his or her reality. The 'internet' is an awesome tool for the enhancing of this process.

2-3-01 i

'A chance encounter, upon a dissection table, of a sewing machine, and an umbrella...'

To grasp the relative meaning of such a statement requires a free-flowing imagination, that which not everyone possesses. The immature child may simply read the words,

without sensing the symbolic portent,
the images conjured in the adult mind.

It's true that an adult easily gets
tripped over into a sur-reality, while
ignoring the bulk of content that is
there...

The first thing, or perhaps the last
thing, one notices, upon returning to
familiar territory, is that his or her
present standing is now tempered by
the weight of those 'many fateful
journeys.'

Knowing how everything we do
can affect future realities, the mindful
one travels with gentleness and
humility. Wondering from where
they themselves have flown, it must

be known that there can really be no rest for the wicked.

These should be taught the subtle flows of mind, and spirit, and to live in gentleness and humility.

The artist wants, really to just allow the intuitive, gentle flows of the inner mind. Thru this way, one might, after all, conjure the inner feminine into new spheres of activity.

While life itself is a greater sphere of ringing trees, with overflowing innocence, and peace, bliss and love, gentleness all around, it must be known that these things we test ourselves with contain hidden tricks which can also turn the young life in

on itself, where lost freedoms can be regained, where great patience is required, and where innocence is mandated.

Lovers do not turn upon one another, except in the most outrageous of circumstances.

Perhaps that which was given of the surrealists was a simple juxtaposition, a justification, of any kind of intellectual mischief. Perhaps this could be the artistic antedote to christianity, or simply the entrance of a more immediate spirituality.

Now that all of that has been said, it should be simply known, or experienced, here, that life itself

challenges some.

While she may be entranced, she is not deeply interested.

5-5-01

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may expound his or her understanding, and in time, arrive at his required standing.

From where do these things flow? Many long journeys. These are the food within which we find renewal, and substance.

To plumb the depths of the soul, to

traverse the distances with grace,
taking what blows may come, this has
been our prime aim.

The nature of journey is hardship,
difficulty. It could be said that if
missteps are going to be made, it will
be in the context of such.

I'm sure that many great things
could be said about the journey itself,
but I do feel that I myself am not
necessarily the one to speak of such.

Such is of mystery, and the
unknown. Be it best to know that the
true child will survive, will triumph,
will of a certainty emerge, after time
has passed.

Wonder not at the way your own principles and patterns seem to evaporate in the fire. After a while, when understanding has been gained, the goodness and plenty may easily return of its own accord.

Remember always how all men are inherently connected, how each prayer radiates outward from its source.

Remember also never to physically threaten those around you with aggression.

Remember also how the wise sage easily senses and knows much more of the child than he or she may choose

to reveal.

Artists are shamans. Thru mysterious spells and incantations they travel to places seldom gone in ordinary states.

These will know how to evoke myths and rites from amongst those about.

The wise artist will possess already the keys to traverse the territory he or she enters.

For the young child's information, journeys are long. Spaces of time stretch inward... days, weeks, months.

Recollecting one's self is a

spontaneous occurrence, and may be derived from a single signal or cue found in the actions of those around.

Completing a circle... returning to the point of origin... such is remembrance.

The journey is a gift of the highest order. As the mind replenishes itself, also will grace and substance multiply within. Greater concessions may be given. Time closes in to a narrow point, and then, of a sudden, freedom. Shifting from darkness to light, the child looks amongst and around, and may see disarray. Things will be put in order. Helpful patterns and routines will spring to life once again, and with a new bounty of experiences,

prayers, and hopes the young one may arise into life.

5-11-01 i

Time is the meaning of life. Time are the meanings of life. Memories form the backdrop for all of our endeavors. When one has found the answers from within his or her own self, he or she may look no longer. What is the quest? Knowledge. What is attainment? Glory. The answer to self-attainment is thought. Thru the engines of the underworld are lives motivated. To have a core of glory is to find life within death, to be able to emerge again into light. To know this wonder is to have the keys to transform present realities... to

channel new futures. To be devoted to the task of spreading the light of the spirit is to find death no more.

To lift one's self from complacency can be a difficult task. One will find that he or she will offer resistance to new endeavor. Yet let it be known that the divine itself is accessed mainly thru the spirit of dance.

5-14-01 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, one may yet begin to grow.

While distances are crossed, in time and space, it is simply by

accessing the divine within that any
and all men can also be elevated from
out of malaise, out of gloom.

One of the simplest truths of all is
the pervasiveness of time.

It is known that occurrences and
acquisitions must somehow be
accomplished *in time*, and that often
the time will arise of its own accord.

Any given man, however, may one
day choose to become sexually active.
Let this be an ever present reminder,
for the child who would learn, that
events and occurrences must occur in
time.

To touch the spirit of a woman

requires certain gentle advances. That which one may have forgotten will begin to emerge again.

As lovers form connections in time and space, so vital energies are channelled.

In order to learn, one must in fact have free memory space within his or her brain.

Accessing the living face of ones own reality may simply require the conjuring of an innocent, natural flowing outward into the material sphere.

Warmth, gentleness, and substantive reinforcement will begin

emerging from the liquid spaces,
while the young writer continues his
steady progress along his chosen path.

What makes a woman a woman?
This can be talked about, and its name
can be told as nurture.

Physical beauty causes the vital
breaths to deepen.

While the writer himself can be
seen as possessing the knowledges
needed for accomplishment, he or she
should first be seen as an instrument.

While knowledge itself makes
things apparent through the spheres
of dance, the times of action are full
of knowledge, of vision.

Vision seems to be component of dance, yet it too may emerge of it's own accord.

There are perids of knowledge acquisition, as accomplishments are analyzed, and examined.

Mythic reactions may begin emerging from within the actions and guestures of those standing about.

The artists role is surely to experience life, and then to recount and define his wisdoms.

Realms of experience recall great faith. Surely the artist is shown the dynamism of life itself, and therefore

must know that he or she simply dwells, as a sure static component... a participant.

While longing for material accomplishment, be content and satisfied with what has already been done thus far. The time is always near, to begin again.

To reach out and touch the soul of a woman is the treasure within the source of which I write.

She dwells nearby, herself a child; she simply awaits your signal.

Would anyone seek to doubt this simple truth, remember then the purest examples of feminine divinity.

These can be seen as free, simply granting that which is requested.

To look into her eyes is to arrive at the destination.

She and yourself together form a third presence, which flows amongst, binding the hearts.

Time and distance become highly diminished as the bond grows.

And look now! To have found the divine from within the spheres of ordinary activity, simply quietly working... this is to have arrived at the destination already.

Would you choose the wait, be

prepared to cross the time gracefully.

People judge others based partly on how they are able to negotiate the challenges of inactivity.

One should be as strong as possible before he or she simply gives himself up to the fates.

Perhaps the one of shallow experience will simply not be able to survive gracefully.

Such a one may require much reinforcement, and encouragement, for his may be a difficult path.

While we all come into the world as blank slates, some will sense the

games of the Universe, while many will be seduced by illusion, by fasion.

Some children will be shown bright lights; others may simply be shown more than they are prepared to accept, to negotiate.

Reality itself may jump upward without warning, and cause the young one to stumble; he or she may not fully recover.

There, too are those challenges which are simply to immense... challenges which cannot be overcome.

To know the vast scope and reach of some journeys of life, and the great

variety of experience, the depth of time needed for wisdom to take seed... such acquisitions allow for the artist within to simply emerge.

Sometimes, the best we all can accomplish is simply to allow the organic, natural flowing outward into the material sphere.

Thusly does the writer dance, thusly did the world come into being.

5-17-01 i

Just what is the nature of this which has been shown? The nature is journey. Journey is a realm of experience and tribulation.

Children often find themselves thrown in the midst of powerful sorcerers who wield much authority in this realm. These may be entirely helpless to defend themselves, and rely on simple hard perseverance and patience to endure.

The child will find themselves in many foreign places, to the ends of the earth, stretched out.

Adults can sense weakness, and they focus in on those who may be helpless to defend themselves.

If one is wise, he or she will largely rely on a sure inner guidance to demonstrate the truth throughout such experiences. He will be shown

the right truths, and learn to separate substance from immateriality.

If defences are weakened over time, and one finds him or herself overwhelmed, the mind may turn upon itself, finally giving in to those standing about.

The wise one will possess a solid grounding in time and space, and will be firmly situated within his or her knowledges of right and wrong.

Evil and deception will be seen as precisely what it is, and no lies will be believed.

While such a child will lash out bitterly at his accusers, many many

times, he or she may at times find warmth and comfort in the gentler repasts.

Love and truth, compassion, these may be seen as the measures by which expressions can be judged.

That which appears to threaten, or take one out of ones self can be discarded as unwanted.

5-20-01 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, one can exponate his or her understanding, and in time arrive at his required standing.

There are really only two possibilities which may come to be: much will be accomplished, or little will be accomplished.

When a man wants to come to understand the greatest mysteries known to man, then he or she really has got to locate a spirit of dance, and allow the hidden knowledges to drift inward.

By simply accessing the awesome power within, one can identify definite truths.

Suchness and grace is given of that which flows from within, and therefore it will have a tangible immediate benefit.

In time, gentle appearances will begin to emerge from the entire spirit of a work, and the adequate knowledges can be perceived.

Freedom and happiness seem to be the best goals men aspire to. Thru balance, and harmony conditions are made thru which life can be enjoyed.

Knowing the value of work, and the need for simple pleasures, anyone can experience contentment.

The spirit of competition drives us all on some level.

Knowing how the static life has a certain character, it will be seen how

the vibrant also contains energies.

Finding accomplishment will always require the putting forth of effort.

5-21-01 i

What more can one say, really, than that to write, in this knowing way, is to be in the immediate presence of the timeless, the eternal. This must be experienced to be believed. You already possess it, though perhaps you haven't come to an awareness of it's presence yet.

The artist has spoken, and a great vibrant excitement, to lead the generations yet unborn.

The artist has spoken, and there are more worlds than can be counted.

Whatever could be the essences of this which is portrayed? Perhaps any given man does possess within himself the ability to transform present spheres.

The trick comes in uncovering those things which you already inherently know, but have forgotten.

We are angels, beings of light. Some of us will travel always never knowing this.

Lovers, unite! It's true that the most secret of knowledges have now

been freely revealed.

That which occurs in the world is often seen to flow from the substantive authority of children, who exert deeply into thier spheres as adults do.

Where will you go tomorrow? What will the future show you? One must know, must have faith, and must try.

All that is really required of you now is a bit of effort.

Surely, the time has arrived to begin again.

With a clear mind, and having

experienced much in a short time,
you'll find little lack for words to say.

It's true that there are less than 7
months until Christmas.

The time has come to begin again.

While you yourself have never
been more content than you are right
now, I am simply asking you to but
try.

The machinery needs be oiled, and
restarted.

I want you to show a little faith
and discipline within the sphere of
improvisational writing.

You don't know what we might find.

5-31-01 i

Hi. Greg here. Just thought I'd drop you a line to give you a sense of my own deepest thoughts. Aren't you just fascinated? Ha. The rule that I have always had to use to guide myself has been this: surface features of the world can be highly deceptive. When people lack strong inner guidance, they are often observers onto their own lives. They stand aghast at the landscapes which emerge from out of their own hearts and minds. While the makers and initiators of the rules which govern our lives believe one way, the people

themselves often wonder at what might be unfolding. While the governors and emisaries to the nations are themselves governed by dogma and the strictures which initiate their lives, the people go down unusual paths. Seeming not to possess knowledge within, the ones who wonder will find honest truth, and be given new understandings. While it may be true that conflict begets conflict, people also are born of deep heritage. The mind of the one may not seek to match up with those of disparate lineage. While words themselves cannot really transform another, perhaps it could be said that dreams and fascination can lead to many flights of fancy. What have you seen? And what has your own faith

revealed to you? Are such ideations delusions? Fixed, false thoughts which hold people within their own past? These are dreams. Such can be seen as a two edged sword, this which can lead children upwards within the confines of their own lineage and beliefs. These may also in time lead downwards, and such is not confined to distinctions of social standing, or concepts of rank and order, no. None may know what may unfold in the future, this is my own strictest belief. While any given philosophy may appear to be a collective exertion of those in Other Places, intent on social order and the furthering of mankind, such may yet possess a strong bite. I have found, in general, that people often are required to

struggle and possess perseverance to weather the tumult brought forth by the bitter imaginings present on the tail. Is such, too, like a rattlesnake, which demonstrates a toothy beginning, and a series of signs and predictions at the tail, which seem to say, 'Children, beware. The world might and can unfold along these lines!' Perhaps the temple of the immortals has been already attained, and that which remains must be based always on strictest compassion, and a sure inner guidance. Is one thinking only of oneself when he or she states this? Perhaps this is the salvation of the lonely... but it must of a certainty be known that life continues on, in its steady machinations. All people who try find benefit and grace given

towards their existances. It is really the interjections of the Universe which seem to provoke uncertainty, since none can know what may unfold in the future. The plan of this writing has been to better define my own self, and encourage compassion within others.

12-01 i

What if we had no end?

Or were never born?

Ever?

These are questions.

Answers...

well, they are as one finds them.

Poetry...

these are the touches of fingertips...

the carresses of emotive will.

Perhaps there's nothing more
which can be said.

Knowing ones self...
this is awesome business.

As natures become revealed,
and one reaches out to others,
so distances
become diminished.

As friendship improves warmph,
love conjures life.

If you had a thought once,
you should hold on to it.

Had a dream,
dreamt it well.

Would one, then, find,
she might in turn seek.

Find,
and you will seek.

Where is love
when you most need it most?

Finely arrayed,
to be sure,
wherever.

Would one, then,
abandon rational intellect,
even while lingering amongst ones
own kin,
one sees a pond, and knows.

Would a pond be still,
for a day, or a night,
it might be seen geese upon.

And, what is more,
would life reveal more secrets,
lacey or zeronous,
these too would,
eyes barely opening,
awake to the world below.

And finding cool earth,
zero in once again on the stem,
the leaf, the petal of a flower,

and come to rest.

~

12-01 ii

~

What is it?

You ask?

Nothing, I reply.

See how the slightest concern
is handled with dignity and grace?

And how the young are made whole?

These, and others, form the dignity
of Earth as a whole.

Others, one by one,

all in all,
what not.

What Not, this say.

Would ask, should know, first.

So proper directed thought be given.

And, then, as later,
morning glowing brightly,
take a dip in the pool, or yardwork.

And while this is all happening,
I have started noticing
how much time is wasted
on mindless worry,
over trife details of life.

The daily grind,

when smoothed in trust,
takes on grace within itself.

These things you see here and about,
bad habits and excesses,
then, as now,
begin fading, of own accord.

These things one knows
are the product of experience,
and enabling.

For having been shown light,
one gives light in return.

And as radiant sources of peace,
we shine like stars.

As holy, all holy, we find temperment
of these same stars above.

Knowing spheres of life,
on earth, movements and motifs,
discerns also from within
those new life cycles of vitality.

Directing, in time,
ones depths along the sandy bed
of the Ocean, finding deep
to be peace,
and peace to be motionless
flow of currents as may be.

Discerning foods about,
life all thru, the vast expanses of
home...
they are at rest,
and we asleep.

So, what is it, you ask?

This is, I say.

These known,
these friends and companions...
diviners of the deeps.

What new awakenings may be,
those find not admission here.

For only the known,
they and they alone
temper and hold my mind.

This I truly say.

anemones divine, too.

~

1-3-02 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, anyone may in time exponents his or her understanding, and arrive at his required standing.

Given, men and women choose their own paths in life.

The choices one makes, in time and space, are reflective of many, many things.

I myself often lean on my sure knowledges of my own self... my own experiences and deep memories.

These are the foundation, the underpinnings of my life.

Surely, it could be said that people learn, over time.

By coming to see ones mistakes, becoming at once aware of ones apparant self, and simultaneously knowing the proper co-relevant paths to take to improve such lot, life situations can gradually be evolved into more adequate directions.

Often, people are forced to make decisions because apparent present realities seem somehow to drive them upon such paths.

For instance, it is simply one of the most basic, original needs of men and women alike to appear to be neither flawed in judgment, nor immoral in

deed or responses.

Therefore, such people make damn good sure and well that they refrain NOT from becoming judgmental of others, based upon what is shown of perceptions.

This aside, men and women feel continually the weight of ancestral callings all about. To us, well, as humans in general, we yet alive, here and now, the present world, maybe we're here, and now, this and that, doing what takes to live.

Yet just beyond perceptions merely await those who would cast judgment upon we mortals for any apparent misdeed.

The minds imagined fantasies...
these dreams and superstitions we
form as adults, these conscience one
and all, seem to be old familiars...
perhaps grandfather, mother, aunt,
uncle... These are the decision
makers for we, who but merely prance
and dance upon this earth.

1-6-02 i

We've moved again, you and I.
Leaving the old neighborhood behind,
after some time had passed, was hard,
as usual.

Any time relationships linger
within the mind, after having found a
new place to live, the early times, for

myself, anyway, can be sour.

Seems like, basically, distances have got to be crossed, and neither you nor I are much good when it comes to outreach.

Oh, you have your music, writing, all in all we aren't easy to ignore, as people go.

But where we often take time is in finding warmth, in general, freely given by those about.

I know you pretend not to bother with effort in this area for a reason: namely, you are quiet. So am I. Rather than building suspicion within others, however, the good hearts we

both possess seem to evoke smiles often.

I wonder. Is this natural? Surely, a neighborhood, when one calls such 'home,' is supportive, nurturing.

But perhaps the model we make for others is sometimes simply too high.

You know how it is, when you're so completely contented that you don't dream at night?

Imagine the type: Awake, *period*. Never a sense of time in between.

Thats like it.

Here and there, we, you and I, get out and about as much as groundhogs, so I guess the neighbors must miss us, by now.

But the first three weeks of settling in were, aside from putting things in place and fashioning a few handi-works, somewhat of a literal bore. Neither of us having found our 'cogs,' so to speak, time seemed to pass without real goals met.

Lovers which we are, our vitality was between ourselves, and none other.

So we grew close, chose our paths carefully, successfully.

As the weeks passed, distractions emerged; these too were, and still are, lived to the fullest, with reward and joy, accomplishment.

But with the fall of the same year, you and I now find ourselves often challenged as a couple.

And it's not just the usual things you might imagine... younger women and men, older mentors... but really *too many* of both.

That which we had early on here, the quietude, the contemplative evenings, seem now occupied largely by outside concerns.

Perhaps it is just that which we

are, namely, artists, which seems so gifted of others, who, too, have voices, and things to say.

Y'know, I myself have come fully around to this: it's the internet which leads couples astray.

Seems like, those with a voice, which includes all of the world, namely this neighborhood about us, find vehicle and admission thru we ourselves... 'the great thinkers.'

Well, knowing now that this particular center couple has been released, so to speak, from global concerns and ideation, we, you and I, feel a general settling taking place amongst us.

As freedom is found, so more work is accomplished.

Guess for me, the occasions of life which afford richest creativity were always those of oneness, just you and I, dreaming and dreaming, worlds within worlds, genuine heartfelt oneness.

1-9-02 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses or reality, anyone, may also find them self.

Even whilst forming thought for yourself, only, you too may be an art critic.

Therefore, it must be stated, plainly, that you, may in time, grow to discern your own self.

Assuming, this would be, that you are true, right, and whole, if not for your own self, then for honesty, and truthfulness, exacting standards of balance and purity, you might yourself grow to understand What goes into making art.

And, what, after all, is this thing called 'art?'

Here is what art is to me, myself.

Art is discernment.

For instance, thru true forms and patterns exhibited throughout your personal life, any way, interest, relationship, what not, you are finding your 'artistry.'

The way one cooks a meal.

The way one treats ones wife.

The way one builds a foundation, for a building.

The many ways and shapes and forms of ones personal sense of ethics, and lifeways accuracy.

How do you find your artists?

How do you show whom you

yourself are.

Finding your own self, across time, relevant to your admission of 'artists,' one may also shed light upon ones voices, gently, subtly, to shine that whom you yourself are.

Such things as inadmission of gentility, and compassionate people in general, you often can form yet ways of speaking and interacting with artists which may nurture, protect, shelter, comfort even, finding always whom you yourself truly are, particularly in how or how you do not encroach physically upon formative visions.

Somehow, in time, finding that

yourself, the paths you take, all, are given mostly of broader generalized concepts and themes, exerting thru yourself, then perhaps, you, a patron, see also broad social factors voicing thru yourself.

Having garnered for yourself both understanding of yourself, your voices, and the actual flows and ways of the greater whole, you may, also consider yourself generally blessed by the gentle forms you perceive from within your museums and galleries, your musican entertainers, all, even most who give a care for the 'world spirit,' as a whole.

1-14-02 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, of how it flows, anyone may in time come to an accurate understanding of the spirit of the world as a whole.

Even while time tells no secrets, it should be known that there is much, much that can be learned by looking into the subtle aspects of feminine divinity.

Here's my thoughts on this matter.

There seems to be, at least within some spheres, understandings and thresholds of understandings, which can be ascertained, of 'spirit,' and 'secret knowledge,' and this may come about by one way, and one way only.

Improvised writing, art, music, and such as this clue the deep sensibility in to what is actually present within ephemeral dimensions, and there is really no other truth that can be found.

How do I know this?

Simply by what is within me.

Were there realms of Universe which could not be known by mortals, such may well be thought to be deep secrets of the 'afterlife dimension,' such as past lives, precise time of life cycle resolution, or 'death,' and in fact what is actually found 'beyond the wall,' as this relates to any given individual.

What is life?

Best I can tell, life is energy, expressed thru motion.

That which contains within itself no potential energy, or is expended or dissipated, or transferred to another, may well assume characteristics of 'death.'

Rules such as this may be found in discerning universal truth.

So, would it be thought that consciousness is basic component of 'life,' at least in human sense of such, question then becomes, is life consciousness a constant across all of

time in the individual life flow?

In other words, is or were there such as a 'Monad,' say a idea or truth which finds expression into material dimension thru physical existance, (fertilization, cell division, birth, growth, decay... death,) question necessarily and practically becomes this: Do, or does such conscious awareness continue beyond the grave?

Well, from my view of such, some time ago, I myself arrived at the understanding from all relevant ascertainable data, that consciousness dissapates or devolves upon death.

My basic thoughts herin is this: Conscious awareness is basically a

function of the human body, and is fully and particularly contained within such form, especially as question relates to the continuance appearances found from childhood, youth, adolescence, young adulthood, maturity, and old age. (These are hard factors which make the life individual life just that. A face. Eye color, hair color, stature, skin appearance, vocal quality, (basso, tenor, alto, soprano.)

Man or woman.

Boy or girl.

These are lives. They are containant of the scope and sphere of physical form, and do not strictly lend

themselves to presence or awareness in any realms outside of this: Birth unto death.

I myself, for instance, am not immortal. This alone is reason and solution to the question of why there has never been found any proof of 'heaven,' or 'hell.' Ghosts also, have never been found.

What I myself have often observed in studying the human mind is this: Experiences and occurrences are of Great Variety, and there may well be many, many species of actual lifeform present within interior spheres, namely 'collective mind,' as may be found within adult comprehension.

These, however, should Not be thought of as 'human.' No, having seen much of interiorscapes and Occurences in varietous fashions all, I have to say that none are human, except as they choose to express such characteristic or traits.

This knowledge is intrinsic within myself, for having some time ago expericenced a number of years of particular gross and extreme demonstrations of deep powers and authorities of Mind, and Know beyond any doubt, that even within early sense of such, all appearances of gentleness, smallness, simplicity, quietness, even full invisibility are but surface features, and obscure Much deeper, more Involved truths and

meanings.

Knowing inherently that Universe has various levels or spheres, question becomes, in my mind anyway, do one, say, 'realm' intrinsically reflect, or shape, or dictate shapes and colors or any other, or of the All of existence, (Knowing Eternity, such word All is erroneous, but in Human concept of such perhaps an relevant keyword,) Or, is or are such vast disparity and diversity of manifest natures as well as unmanifest simply built in from before All Time, (no such thing, as I know, but Human understanding, perhaps) that there could be found few real similarities amongst manifestations relevant to Humans.

Question being, Truth, and Goodness... are these basic component from before Eternity, (None such, by the way,) or, simply exclusive particularly to turn of moment, (Time, flow, motion,) expressed *over time*, fashioning characteristic appearances along way?

Yes, within my understanding, anyway, there is Not a person presently alive, nor has there ever been who seeks to be a 'bad person.' Much to the contrary, people, beings, lives, existances, potentials, Monads.... all seem guided, in every way ascertainable, by broad understandings of personal God concept, which, when over Time, be shown to be component or elaboration

upon theme, relevant to such God concept, which, for myself, for instance, includes desiring to be acceptable, positive member of the Universe.

My knowledges or aims do not include loyalty unto any other Universe(s), but what is shown or believed, dictated or directed by the greater whole, all containant of this present 'Universe,' in dynamic fashion.

1-15-02 i 9:15 a.m.

What is the Universe?

What is Time?

And Flow?

These are the physical manifest
natures
which our senses have revealed
unto us about the world.

Look, now, at the beauty and majesty
possessed by fully formed visions.

Even while finding perfection,
bear in mind that life itself
is deeply imperfect.

Many, many spheres of life
are in fact ever-present.

Always will there be poverty,

deprivation,
loss, death, injury...

Always will there be insanity...

Depression, schizophrenia,
psychosis...
these ailments strike individuals
entirely without asking first.

None are immune from the darkest,
most forbidding arenas of existence.

Abject substance abuse,
plagues of the spirit...

These are found in many places
within real life.

Have you ever yourself

eaten from a trash can?

Or lost entire years of your life
to pain and grief?

Self loathing... this is the basic form
of so very many.

Finding not value
within ones own existance leads,
finally,
to the earth, the cold ground,
and arises again not.

What, then may we, so gifted and
forgiven,
do to indicate our complete
acceptance and respect
for those who have fallen?

Simply in gratitude go.
Know that days and nights
are blessings, which are
in no way guaranteed.

Facts such as this
take time to learn.

For it is harder to smile
than to frown!

Harder to sing
than to cry.

Harder to be,
than to not be.

Gratitude, and trust...
by such ways
do lives find

their place, in time.

If you wanted a relationship,
wouldn't you go about your way
seeking one?

If you want to be alone,
then won't your actions be given
of that direction?

By such ways,
so do men and women
direct themselves, over time.

I feel always
that there are two sides
to every coin.

Even while shedding light
upon the one, know too

that the other lies beneath.

So to simply give ones self
entirely over to a single minded
purpose,
without ambitions toward
equanimity
is shown to be imbalance,
within the individual.

Hopefully, men and women,
being adults,
know such things
from experience.

But isn't it really
the youthful spirit of a place
which most often finds balance
amongst any set of co-relative
opposites?

1-17-02 i

Looking only into the knowledges he or she possesses of reality, of how it flows, one may discern truth.

Anytime a work of art, music, or literature from the past is seen as in any way relevant for a present time, this may or may not be because the artist has exercised 'forsight.' Insight into the moment allows often for very balanced shapes and constructions to form.

Knowing what a good, balanced flow reads like, can be such written,

heard, or seen, the artist of such work may find *relativity* to be a constant amongst his or her words or symbols.

Keeping expressions simple, without much embellishment, often brings layered meanings across time, as seen by the artist.

Are these layerings and complexities present to others, say patrons, well, how could it be?

For the artist inherently sees and perceives only those meanings which have particular emotive relevance and meaning unto him or her.

Another person looks upon such work briefly, and sees no deep

meaning. Were another to study the original work at great length, however, there may also form within the viewer relevant meanings for him or herself.

In other words, the way one sees a work or collection of works may not be similar to the way or ways another does.

Understanding this truth may bring a greater sense of equanimity to the artist himself, who might misunderstand much of society and complex illusions inherently.

